THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

A RIDE IN A SNOW STORM:

OR THE MYSTERIOUS GUIDE-BOARD.

Mr. Editor,—During a winter spent in the northern part of New England, I was frequently invited to attend a ball or a party some ten or even twenty miles from the place of my residence. On such occasions it was usual with me to charter a sleigh, and to invite a friend to accompany me, to pilot the way. This latter affair required no little skill and experience, as the towns in that section of the country are intersected by a large number of roads, and when blocked up, as they frequently are in a night by a fall of snow, the difficulty of keeping the right one is still more increased.

On one of these occasions I was accompanied by a friend from a distance, who was as ignorant as myself of the navigation of these roads, by which means it was our misfortune to encounter a series of difficulties which, with a little embellishment, would, I dare say, form a very interesting chapter in a novel, or even a popular tale in an annual. But I have no talent, Mr. Editor, for embellishing—I abhor fiction of every shape, and I must therefore give you merely a relation of facts. On our way to the ball we had little difficulty in getting along, as we joined company with a party of other sleighs proceeding thither. The country through which we travelled—it was early in the afternoon that we set out was as wild and unprepossessing as you can well imagine. The hand of improvement seemed to have passed over it only to cut out roads through the thick forests and bushes, while the hill-tops around were clad in snow, which to the imagination at least seemed perpetual. The road, too, frequently lay over hills of gigantic height—even to one accustomed as I had been to the perils of the ocean, there was not a little to excite my apprehension. I remember one spot in particular, where, after having ascended a long hill, the road for a mile or more run along on the ridge of this hill, the sides of which were unprotected by trees, shrubs, or rocks, and withal were so steep and precipitous as to be almost perpendicular. The road—there was neither fence nor stone-wall at the sides of it—was just wide enough to admit of our passing, with only an occasional place to turn out in case of meeting with any thing coming in the opposite direction. It was a frightful dizzy sight to look down the sides of this hill into the deep dark valley on the one side, and the frozen mountain stream on the other, into either of which a single misstep or a sudden sheer of our horse might have plunged us. Fortunately, however, we escaped this danger, and arrived in safety at the place of our destination.

Here the dancing was already begun, and we were soon disrobed of our buffaloes and over-coats, and prepared to take our part in the performances of the evening. Perhaps, Mr. Editor, you were never at a ball in the country, and are ignorant of the rare sport and frolick which you are always sure of finding on such occasions—if so, I will give you a bit of an idea of what you may expect when you go to one of these balls—and go, by all means, let me advise you, the first opportunity you can escape from the city. If country girls are the best partners for life, they are the best, too, for a dance. It would do your heart good to see with what spirit and sprightliness they lead off a dance—the sound of the fiddle seems to put the very —— but I wont swear—into them. There is no danger of their falling asleep, as I have often seen your city ladies when dancing, and moving so lifelessly that they appear more like wooden automatons than beings of good flesh and blood. The dance most in fashion at these balls is the good old country dance—which is now quite obsolete, I am told, in the city. The whole company, to the number perhaps of fifty or a hundred, stand up in couples and successively lead down the whole length of the room. This too, as I before said, is done not leisurely and inanimately, nor with any of that nice attention to steps observed in the cotillion and the waltz, but rapidly and fearlessly, as if the parties regarded not so much the elegance of their movements as their own personal enjoyment. Off they start at the sound of the music—which is not slow I promise you—and away you go, under high pressure, till you are arrived at the foot of the dance; but should your strength or courage fail you before you are through, and you are compelled to retreat to your seat, you may expect to find little favour with the country fair ones for the rest of that evening—nay, I have my doubts, Mr. Editor, if, under these circumstances, one among all of them could be found who would consent to stand up as the partner of a man who had thus signally disgraced himself.

But leaving the ball-room and the dancers—though the hour was quite late—we repaired to our sleigh, and myself and my companion prepared to retrace our way homeward alone. I confess I had some scruples as to the expediency of this attempt, and so expressed myself to my companion, whose only reply was that if we lost our way we had good English tongues in our heads, and could easily find it again. In a few moments we were snugly ensconced under the buffaloes, and the sleigh-bells were jingling merrily on our homeward journey. The snow which had been falling for some time, now lay several inches deep in the road, barely revealing the beaten track, so that occasionally we were led into a snow-drift or a hollow, and were obliged to alight from the sleigh to extricate it. In this way we rode on for a considerable length of time, till, as my companion was driving, I unconsciously fell asleep. How long I remained in this situation I know not, nor do I know that I should have aroused from it till our journey's end, had I not been waked by my companion, with the declaration that he had lost the way and was unable to find it. Taking the reins, I drove on, and strained my eyes in the endeavour to discover some signs by which to recognize the road—but in vain—not a solitary object was there that bore any marks of similitude with those I had taken notice of on the way to the ball. I saw we were in a different region from that through which we had before passed, but in what direction we were now going, as the moon was completely hidden by the clouds, I was unable to determine. In this conjuncture we stopped our horse, and held a consultation as to the course to be pursued. That we were not in the right road was the opinion of both of us—to turn back and thus endeavour to find it was urged by my companion, while I as strenuously advised that we should keep on till we came to a house or a guide-board, from either of which the proper direction might be gathered. Following my advice, we pushed on, till, after a ride of two miles or more, we reached a guide-board, whose friendly fingers stuck out to the four cardinal points—for the roads here ran in as many directions—but to what places they pointed we were at a loss to conjecture, as their names were completely obscured by the snow and darkness. What was to be done? Should we now go back—go on—or go up? Yes, Mr. Editor, go up—not up in the air in our sleigh, like a witch on a broom-stick—not at all—it was no time to think of such an excursion when the wind was howling, the snow blowing, and our fingers and feet were freezing, and with every prospect of passing the night in this uncomfortable condition unless some deliverance were speedily obtained;—but should we climb up the guide-board, and thus endeavour to decipher its superscription—that was the question—the go up—on the decision of which our fate for the night was to be determined. No sooner was it proposed, than, volunteering my services, with much difficulty—for I was clad in a stout surtout and over that was a cloak—I ascended the guide-post.

Behold me now at the top of the post, clinging to it like a half-frozen monkey, and with my hands and eyes endeavouring to trace out its inscriptions, while my cloak, as Byron says of Freedom's banner,

> ——— 'though torn, yet flying,
> Streams like a thunder storm against the wind."

The board seemed indeed to contain the vocabulary of the names of all the towns from Dan to Beersheba, many of which were familiar to me, but among all of them, that of the place we were in quest of was not to be found. You have read, Mr. Editor, of the poor but enthusiastic student, who, with a pittance of money in his pocket, set off from some distant land, on a pilgrimage to Rome, and managed so economically his funds, that, when he arrived in sight of the eternal city, he had spent only the one half of them. It was on the summit of a high hill where he sat down to enjoy the glorious, though distant prospect before him, and to count over his remaining change and ruminate on the fall of empires and the decline of funds. The question then rose to him whether he should go on to his journey's end and afterwards return a beggar, or, content to have seen what he had already seen in perspective, begin immediately to retrace his footsteps and thus be enabled to meet his expenses home. Conceive of his sadness and disappointment, when, adopting the latter resolution he descended that side of the hill which forever shut out from his view the object of his fondest hopes and ambition—conceive, then, Mr. Editor, of the mortification and deeper disappointment of your pitiable servant, as he slid down the guide-post aforesaid, without accomplishing his object.

A second consultation was now held, the result of which was that we should turn off upon one of the roads, which we judged would be most likely to take us to the place of our destination. The snow continued to fall without intermission, and driven by the wind lay piled up in high and fantastical banks, through which we had frequently much difficulty in forcing a path-way. Our horse—poor fellow! the tears congeal in my eyes as I think of thy sufferings—would occasionally prick up his ears and snort aloud as if making a signal of distress. It was pitiable, indeed to behold him emerging from a snow-drift so completely coated with snow as to look like the ghost of a horse rather than the good substantial animal himself, with which we started on our unfortunate journey. We drove on at as fast a rate as our poor beast was able to carry us, but still discerned no land-marks by which we could judge of the course we were travelling, or the country through which we went. Every thing appeared to us to wear a new and strange aspect—every object was attired in white, as if dressed for a bridal or a burial, a ball-room or a coffin. Here a tall dead pine stretched out its bare arms covered with snow, as if it would willingly clutch us in its cold and terrific embrace—there a knot of once green firs, now lifted up their snowy plumes and seemed to dance to the winds unconscious of their chilling influence. As for my companion and myself, we spoke but few words to each other, and those few only upon the prospect of some relief or of arriving at our homes. The ball-room, with all its gay and happy associations, was forgotten—the noise of the dancers no longer were heard—even the sharpe notes of the fiddle ceased to vibrate in our ears—and instead thereof that mournful and monotonous ding dong knell of the sleigh bells tolled upon our hearts, like the last sad funeral dirge of ship-wrecked mariners.

The weather now became intensely cold and the prospect of freezing, or, as the English and the correct phrase is, of starving to death with cold, began to stare us in the face. What was the subject of my companion's meditations I know not, but a thousand painful visions of home, friends, and relatives, flitted through my mind, like the reflections made by the painted glass of the magic lantern, of the reality of which we would fain persuade ourselves, but which we know must soon dissolve into airy nothings. I thought—but why I should I relate all my thoughts on that eventful night, when not one, perhaps, can be found to appreciate them. Sympathy is, indeed, the balm of life, but to expose our inmost feelings and to see them derided, spurned or disregarded, this—this is dying of a trodden and bruised heart—a mortification of the soul.

But to my story. To die by freezing, it has frequently been said, is an easy death—it is, say they who have come near experiencing without having actually experienced it, like falling asleep on a bed of poppies—the senses are stupified—the blood slowly performs its office but without pain, and at last you fall away into a drowsy, dreamy state of forgetfulness and apathy, somewhat akin to that dull lethargic feeling which one often experiences after having eaten a hearty dinner. But none of these feelings fell to my lot. I was keenly alive to the dangers of our perilous situation, and exceedingly anxious of being relieved from it. Our only hope depended, I well knew, on the chance of having taken the road which would lead to our homes. With this hope, we urged on our steed, jaded and benumed as he was, and at last came again in sight of a guide-board, where the roads forked off in different directions as before.

It was now my companion's turn to mount the guide-post, and he entered on his task with greater alacrity than I feared he would do so, for the task was by no means an enviable one. The post was completely encrusted with ice or frozen snow, so that he encountered more difficulties in endeavouring to gain its apex than did Parry himself, in his bold but fruitless attempt to reach the North pole. After ascending a few feet, he would slip back, unable to retain his hold, and was thus compelled to resume his upward career only to fall again. In this manner some time was consumed, so that the undertaking must necessarily, I thought, be abandoned. But my companion was a man of undaunted courage, and persevered in his efforts till they were crowned with success—and I beheld him perched on the very top of the guide-board, and endeavouring to ascertain the names of the places to be found there. It was a long time before these could be made out, as from the nature of his situation, he was obliged of necessity to read the letters in their inverted position. At length the towns one after another were announced by him in a loud voice, and, horrible to relate, they were the same as those on the guide-board I had before reconnoitered—the guide-board itself was the same, as a second glance at the place plainly indicated.

This was, indeed, an unlooked-for and alarming catastrophe. At any other time we might have laughed at it as a good practical joke, but now not a solitary smile broke the deep gloom and disappointment which settled on our countenances. My companion descended—got into the sleigh and enquired what was to be done. I knew hot—in truth I began now to care not—I felt almost indifferent as to the fate which awaited us. A cold clammy perspiration came out on my forehead—my feet and hands began to lose their sense of feeling—my hair stood up in frozen icicles on my head. I sprung up in the sleigh and made one desperate effort to arouse myself—fortunately I succeeded. Our horse tired of waiting in the cold and snow, had already started off and had taken the direct road. Trusting to his sagacity instead of our own, we suffered him to proceed, which he did at a rapid speed till in a few moments he brought us into the centre of a thickly settled village—that village was our own!

The mystery of the guide-board was now explained—it was situated in the town itself, and consequently did not bear its name among its numerous superscriptions. Instead of entering the village as we should have done in the first instance, had we kept on the direct road, we turned off from this as I have above described, and after travelling five or six miles struck into it again, and by this means arrived at the same spot whence we started. The guide-post still stands there, bearing its former directions, but some malicious wag, learning of our adventures, has put up an additional board, on which may be seen, in large letters, the following inscription:—

"N. B. This guide-board is in C——." D.

From the London Court Journal.

LINES TO MADAME VESTRIS.

Vestris still is fair and young
As Venus at her fabled birth,
When first from Ocean's waves she sprung
The joy of heaven, the light of earth.

The dew of morn is on her lip—
Such fragrance does her breath disclose,
The bee might wander there to sip
A nectar sweeter than the rose.

Her step is grace; her bosom's swell
Seems like Loce's own wanton pillow—
A home for young desire to dwell,
A sea, of bliss, a snowy billow.

A Friend in Need. Some days ago, a singular circumstance took place in the parish of Alness county of Ross, which proves that friendship is often but a thing of degree, and that mortal love is not always stable as the hills. In a house no great distance from the parish church, a respectable young couple were to be joined in marriage. The friends met and so did the minister, when the ceremony commenced, and went so far that the reverend gentleman came to that part of it which renders it his duty to request the parties to "join hands." To this, however, the young lady would not consent. An uproar, of course, took place among the friends, the astonished bridegroom swooned away in the arms of a neighbour, while the bride, at this critical moment, shape or shade whatever she was, vanished "from the presence." By the aid of cordials, the bridegroom was soon restored to a kind of doubtful existance; and a spanking young sister of the "faithless fair," taking pity on the forlorn lover, stepped forward, and shaking Donald by the hand, offered to supply the vacancy occasioned by the singular conduct of her sister. The generous offer was gladly accepted, the clergyman had the satisfaction of joining them together, both seemingly very happy at the change in the "aspect of affairs" which had just taken place. "A friend in need is undoubtedly, a friend indeed!" (*Scotsman.*)

MISCELLANY.

MEMOIRS OF CELEBRATED FEMALE SOVEREIGNS.

By Mrs. Jameson.

The preface sets out by saying, it is "the intention of this work to present, in a small compass, and at one view, an idea of the influence which a female government has had, *generally*, on men and nations, and of the influence which the possession of power has had *individually* on the female character."—Now it must not be supposed, from this, that Mrs Jameson has gone into the philosophy of petticoat government, (strangely so called when ladies wear the * * * inexpressibles,) as it is practiced on the smaller family and social scheme: no, her works refer to the crowned female heads, from Semiramis to Catharine II.; and she has presented her readers with very interesting historical views of the lives of Cleopatra, Zenobia, the two Joannas of Naples, Isabella of Castile, Mary of Scotland, and her too potent rival Elizabeth of England, Christina of Sweden, our queen Anne, and Maria Theresa, besides the two of Assyria and Russia whom we have already mentioned.—*Lit. Gaz.*

As we like female opinion, and especially coming from so clever a woman as the authoress of the *Diary of an Ennuyee*, upon female politics and freemasonry, we must quote the following remarks from the preface:

"There may be a difference of opinion as to whether woman ought, or ought not, to be intrusted with the executive government of a country; but if, in a very complicated and artificial system of society, the rule of a woman be tolerated or legalized as a necessary evil, for the purpose of avoiding worse evils arising from a disputed succession and civil commotions—then it remains a question how far the female character may be so modified by education, as to render its inseparable defects as little injurious to society, and its peculiar virtues as little hurtful to herself, as possible. Women in possession of power, are so sensible of their inherent weakness, that they are always in extremes. Hence, among the arbitrary governments recorded are those of women. The substitute for the dominion of that superior strength, mental and physical, which belongs to the other sex, and with which should rest 'all lawful rule and right supremacy,' the mere force of *will*; and call that *power* which is founded in weakness. Christina of Sweden has left a memorable sentence under her own royal hand, which may serve as a commentary on the threadbare adage, 'when women reign, men govern.'"

After quoting Christina's letter to Bonvisi, Mrs. J. adds,

"Ludicrous as this may sound in so many words, we have here the true feminine idea of empire,—viz. the privilege of saying *Je veux*; and, however modified by the character of the individual—however dissembled—for all had not the frank audacity of Christina—we may trace the same feeling, the same principle of action, in every woman who has either inherited power, or achieved political greatness; and not more in the acute Elizabeth, and the haughty energetic Catharine, than in the stupid, heartless Anne, and the amiable Maria Theresa. On the whole, it seems indisputable that the experiments hitherto made in the way of female government, have been signally unfortunate; and that women called to empire have been, in most cases, conspicuously unhappy or criminal. So that, were we to judge by the past, it might be decided at once, that the power which belongs to us, as a sex, is not properly, or naturally, that of the sceptre or the sword."

Able as these volumes are, it is a matter of much difficulty to extract from them any separate passages which can convey an adequate notion of their judicious and impartial character, or of the skill and talent with which they are written. We can only say, that every narrative is most interesting, and that a work of the kind equally agreeable to old or young could hardly be produced. At the close of the memoir of Mary, the unhappy Queen of the Scots, we find a concise parallel, however, which will afford some idea of Mrs. Jameson's style and manner.

"The striking similarity between the character and fate of Mary of Scotland and Joanna of Naples, has frequently been alluded to; but the parallel has never, I believe, been closely and regularly drawn, and it presents a series of very curious coincidences. Both were from their birth destined to a throne,—both were called to reign in early youth,—both were highly and equally gifted by nature, in mind and in person,—both beautiful, and even resembling each other in the character of beauty attributed to each,—both were remarkable for a love of pleasure, a taste for magnificence, and an early predilection for literature and learned men. If Mary was the most accomplished of the two, it was because she lived in more favorable times, and her education took place under more favorable auspices. She loved poetry, and patronised Ronsard, the best poet of his time. The court of Joanna was graced by Petrarch, one of the greatest poets of any age. Joanna left many monuments of her splendid taste; for she had enjoyed, in the midst of tumults and reverses, some intervals of tranquillity, and reigned thirty years. Mary's short and unquiet reign did not permit her to leave any lasting memorials of her splendor or her beneficence, and what she might or would have done must be left to conjecture. Mary and Joanna were both married in their infancy, and without their own choice, to men far inferior to themselves, both in mental powers and personal accomplishments. Andreas of Hungary was brought to Naples to be educated with his future bride; and Mary was sent to Paris to be educated with her future husband. According to some historians, Andreas appears to have greatly resembled Francis in his disposition: they describe him as timid, deficient in intellect, but good-natured and affectionate: according to other writers, he united all the deficiences of Francis to all the vices of Darnley. Both queens have been accused as accessary to a husband's murder, under circumstances nearly similar, and on very uncertain and contradictory evidence. The marriage of Joanna with Louis of Taranto, who had been suspected of conspiracy against her former husband, had nearly proved as fatal in its consequences as Mary's union with Bothwell, and exposed her to the same dishonorable imputations. The marriage of Joanna with Louis caused a rebellion among her subjects, and her own banishment from her kingdom for several years: Mary's precipitate union with Bothwell likewise gave her subjects an excuse for rebellion, and banished her from her kingdom for ever. Louis of Hungary, with his open violence and secret treachery, his ceaseless machinations and deadly irreconcilable hatred, played the same part in the history of Joanna that Elizabeth enacted in that of Mary. There is reason to imagine that the idea of the black banner, painted with the murder of Darnley, which Mary's rebel subjects paraded before her eyes at Carberry Hill, was suggested by the terrific banner of the King of Hungary borne before him when he invaded Naples, and on which was represented the murder of Andreas: the coincidence would be otherwise almost incredible. The state of Naples in the reign of Joanna, the power and ferocity of the feudal barons, the uncivilized condition and factious spirit of the populace, remind us strongly of the situation of Scotland when Mary succeeded to her hereditary crown; and both Joanna and Mary, as women, appear to have been strangely misplaced in the barbarous times in which they lived. Mary, a queen, in her own capital, saw David Rizzio stabbed almost before her eyes, powerless to save him. Joanna in her own palace, beheld her seneschal, her nurse Philippa, and her friend Sancha, dragged from her side to perish in tortures. In both instances it happened that these circumstances of horror took place when Mary and Joanna were each on the point of becoming a mother; in both instances their condition, their entreaties and their tears, failed to procure either forbearance or compassion from the savages who outraged them. But by far the most striking coincidence, is the similarity in character, conduct, and fate, between the Earl of Murray and Charles of Durazzo; both were remarkable for talents and accomplishments, equally skilled in war, in policy, and intrigue; both were valiant, crafty, ambitious. Murray was the brother of queen Mary, had been distinguished by her with boundless confidence and affection, and in the beginning of her reign had been loaded with benefits, and promoted to offices of the highest trust and power. Joanna had taken Charles of Durazzo under her protection when an orphan, had adopted and cherished him as a son, and married him to her heiress. Murray plotted with Elizabeth to dethrone his sister and sovereign, and built his power on her ruin; Durazzo, with treachery and ingratitude yet more flagitious and detestable, joined with Louis of Hungary, and first dethroned, then murdered his benefactress. Within a short time afterwards, Durazzo was himself murdered by a woman; and Murray, within a few years after his accession to power, perished, if not by the hand or act of a woman, yet the wrongs of a woman inspired and armed his assassin. Both Mary and Joanna owed their chief troubles and final ruin to a religious schism; they both refused in their latter years to purchase freedom and life by relinquishing their regal dignity; both died in prison, and by violence. The imprisonment of Mary was long and cruel, and a sore trial of her fortitude. On the other hand, the captivty of Joanna was short, but her death horrible to the imagination,—mysterious, frightful, unseen, unpitied, and executed by vile hands. She perished as a victim: Mary, like a martyr: by vile hands indeed, and viler practice; but with friendly hearts near her, and all Europe looking on to admire, to applaud and to bewail her."

THE MAINOTE MOTHER.

Who has not heard that not a tear
The Spartan mother deign'd to shed,
But, sternly smiling, met the bier
Where all she loved untimely bled?

Sparta has fall'n—and with her sleep
Proud thoughts that Nature's self defied;
The Mainote mother *now* may weep,
When Death demands her bosom's pride!

Yet *she* can give, with Spartan joy,
For Freedom's cause, at Glory's call,
Not this or that devoted boy—
But weep, and pray, and yield them all!

Thus did Glyara, who to Greece
A widow's three sole blessings gave;
The mother's heart had whisper'd peace,
But ah! the wife's *had* wept the brave!

These, too, were brave—and though her ear
Seem'd in the sound to hear their knell,
What mother would forego the tear
That on the neck of heroes fell?

They parted—and with lingering trace
Of stoic feelings, half allied
To the stern bearing of her race,
Glyara strove her tears to hide;

And feign'd with callous ear to turn
From tidings of the dubious strife:
Of glory's meed she fear'd to learn,
Yet dreaded more inglorious life.

Vain care!—the soul thou durst not hail
The maddening shout of victory won—
Too surely caught the funeral wail
That told her she had lost a son!

A son!—and which?—oh! none could tell;
It matter'd not, when all were dear;
She only knew that he who fell
Would claim a mother's bitterest tear.

That tear in ignorance was shed,
And deep she mourn'd she knew not whom,
When "Cease!" they cried, "to weep the dead—
The living come to chase thy gloom!"

Oh, Death! how strangely thou canst twine
The ties that lightest bound before!
Thou never hadst us aught to gain
But in thy grasp we loved it more!

So felt she, when with anguish wild
She vainly strove her eyes to fix,
By gazing on each living child,
The dearer *lost* one's name to learn.

Her first born came—in whom revived
A gallant father's martial fame—
She scarce blest Heaven that *he* survived,
And shriek'd her youngest darling's name.

That son of love was spared to fly
And bid her clasp her favourite boy;
One glance, and then her closing eye
Spoke grief triumphant over joy.

The *least* beloved was now as one
Whose like she ne'er again might see
To *her*, who in each living son
Saw but a source of agony.

"Farewell!" she cried—"at Duty's call
Again ye quit a mother's side—
The tears I shed must flow for all,
Nor cease till all alike have died!

But be it so!—for Greece to die,
Is for her sons the fairest lot—
And realms there are beyond the sky
Where death and sorrow enter not!"

From the Manchester Chronicle.

THE WIDOW OF BURNS.

Any thing that relates to the deathless Burns is read with deep interest—not only by his own countrymen, but by the lovers of "immortal verse" in the land which gave birth to Shakspeare and Milton. We have been favored by Mr. John Mackay Wilson with an interesting sketch, which is to form part of the entirely new series of lectures he intends to deliver in this town in a week or two, of his visit to the Widow of Burns, and feel assured that it will impart as much satisfaction to our readers generally, whether northern or "southern," as it did to us whilst engaged in its perusal. Its graphic beauty is finely contrasted with the enthusiasm and philosophy of the poet:

"Boswell, the verbatim biographer of Johnson, has said, he was anxious that "no word might be lost of the immortal man;" and though kindly meant, it was neither a very wise nor a very friendly wish, but it was one of those wishes, the effects of which are eagerly swallowed up by the insatiable, the universal and all-powerful gormandizer called *curiosity*. Curiosity is, indeed, but a childish word when used, yet call its influence by what name we will, trifling as it seems, there is no one whose bosom it has not visited with the greedy appetite of a hungry giant. Despised as it is, it is the parent of the sciences—the nurse of poetry. It is all very well to talk about feelings more sacred than curiosity: it gives a sort of sentimental lack-a-daisical falsehood to what may be termed impudence, but give it what term you may, *curiosity* is the straightforward and legitimate word. The prim, precise, mechanical Chesterfield did it some justice, but it merited a manlier and more warm hearted advocate. It may put on the garb of awe or of reverence, but the moving spirit is curiosity still. Mackenzie says truly that we do not like to be pleased with or weep over the pages of an author without knowing who he is. Curiosity was in the beginning, and is destined to be an ever-will-be principle. Nicholas Row justly remarks, "how fond do we see some people of discovering any little personal story of the great men of antiquity: their families, the common accidents of their lives, and even their shape, make and features, have been the subject of critical inquiries. And we are hardly satisfied with an account of any remarkable person till we have heard him described even to the very clothes he wears." Unfortunately there are instances where fulfilling this last office would be "the unkindest cut of all," for oftentimes the cut of the outward man is of such a shape, texture and complexion, that, to paint them as they are, the colorist must lay his easel by, and dipping his pencil in the dust, moisten it with his tears and apply it to the canvass. I know not if these feelings created in me poetry, or poetry created them, but I know they have strengthened each other. We always find we can judge best of the author by knowing something of the man, and treading the ground where the never dying dead have trode before us, to find out for their strains a "local habitation." To muse over the narrow graves, where the worm banquets amidst the ashes of immortality, and trace on the mouldering stone a name which, riding over time in its chariot of Fame will meet the shock of eternity, is still curiosity, but curiosity trembling beneath the darkening of sublimity. To me the land of Burns was holy ground, and I visited the place of his birth and his burial, with a reverence more sincere than a devotee's at the tomb of his prophet. I had gazed upon the monument erected near

"Alloway's auld haunted kirk,"

wandered by the

"Banks and braes o' bonny Doon,"

stood upon the "Brigs o' Ayr," and sauntered by the banks where

"Ayr gurgling kissed its pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green,"

where

"Mary from his soul was torn"

and although the poetry of anticipation felt disappointment when we gazed only upon everyday objects, still the spirit of Burns was hovering over the scene, bathing it in a glory immortal as himself, and indignation mingled with reverence on finding Mammon had converted the clay-built cottage of his birth into a mean change house. I had followed the "winding Nith" to Dumfries, and with deeper awe gazed upon the costly tomb where his ashes now rest: I had stood under its temple roof, with his dust beneath my feet, gazing even unto blindness upon the breathing marble where he stood with his hand upon the plough, gazing upward in awe as genius threw her inspiring mantle over him; and turning aside from its pillars and mute magnificence, if they gave rise to any feelings less hallowed than those arising from his sacred dust, it was the painful recollection of almost his last letter, and the agonizing sarcasm of Butler's application of a text of Scripture—"He asked for *bread*, and they gave him a STONE!" I had left the church-yard, and turned up a short, narrow, hilly street, near the church-gate, upon the corner of which appeared the words *Burns street.* A clean, white-washed house, consisting of a ground and upper story, and approaching what may be termed genteel, stood at the higher end of the street. A weaver of about sixty, and a tanner of fifty, each bearing some of the implements of his calling, were conversing before the door. Of them I inquired in what part of the town BURNS had resided.

"In this vera house," said the tanner, "and auld luckie lives in't still."

"An' as canny a cracky body is luckie Burns," added the weaver, "as is in a' the gate end."

Heaven! earth and sea! I was struck dumb, dismayed, confounded! my very soul ached beneath the unchiseled lumps of prose that fell from their unpoetical lips! "*Auld Luckie!*"—"*Luckie Burns!*" I repeated in horror, gazing upon the astonished tanner and the wondering weaver, like a man with a dagger in his breast." *Auld luckie and luckie Burns!* What, "lovely Jean," whose name has been sung in every land and by every tongue! Jean! the inspirer of his theme—the subject of his muse! *Jean!* from whose eyes he drew the fire, with which he lighted an admiring world!—"his ain kind dearie O." *Jean!* "the flower o' them a'," whose name is eternal as song, immortal as his lay,—to be in one moment reft of her divinity, and be transformed into an ancient plodding, gossiping housewife, "*auld luckie*" by a tanner, "*luckie Burns*" by a weaver!—it was humiliating, monstrous, unpardonable!

I found an opportunity of being introduced to her on the same evening, and was shown into a small, neat, respectably furnished parlour, in which, during his residence in Dumfries, the greater part of his latter poems, were written. The door opened, a stout, middle-sized dark complexioned female, of about sixty or upwards, entered, wearing a plain muslin cap, a slate-colored stuff gown, and cloth shawl of a similar shade. Beautiful she certainly had never been; the most prominent trait in her countenance was deep good nature, blended with a sort of sombre quietness. Her manners were neither easy nor awkward: but those of a plain country woman, who feels conscious she is within her own house. Her education, appearance, and conversation, were those of a farmer's wife of the middle class, who knowing neither poverty nor riches, confines her researches and accomplishments to the concerns of her husband's household. In her youth she may have been what in the west of Scotland is termed a *likely lass*, with an aggregate share of comeliness, though transformed into an angel in the blind gaze of her poetical lover.

Leading us to a portrait of her husband, which hung near the door, she said "That is the only likeness he ever sat for; but Maistar Nasmyth, has painted it far owre coarse, for he was neither sae blacky-vised nor coarse looking as ye wad tak him to be by that, but it was a vera guid likeness for a' that."

The existence of the portrait of the poet by the late Mr. Taylor, of Leith, was then unknown to her and the world.

She again continued: "Indeed I little expected there wad been such a work made about him, puir man, now when he's dead and gane."

Then drawing our attention to some miniatures over the mantel piece, she added, "But ye'l na ken wha is this I reckon? This ane in red is my son James, and that in blue his brother William. James, ye'll observe, is like his father, but William aye took it o' my side o' the house."

Then turning to a print between them, taken from the Cotter's Saturday Night, and representing the father opening the "Big Ha' Bible," "Ye'll ken this better, it's reckoned an excellent thing, but I'm nae judge of these matters."

Her household consists of a grand daughter, maid servant and herself; she lives in easy competency, in the midst of neighbors who esteem her for herself, and neither think of nor envy her the fame of the partner of her youth. Such is the widowed wife of the first lyrical writer of modern times, the child of nature, the more than father of Scottish poetry."

MILITARY GLORY.

Cities sacked, families scattered, virgins robbed of their honour, lives sacrificed, temples desecrated; these are the *glories* of war, of war produced by the pride and the love of vengeance, by which kings, and their ministers have been actuated, and whom, therefore, it is but just to set down amongst the most inveterate enemies of the human race. Let those who rejoice in what is called military glory contemplate the sack of Rome, after its infamous conqueror had fallen. "It has been too much the practice of historians to dwell upon the bright points of war, until "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" has passed into a poet's byword. By bright points here we mean those which appear such to the weak and ignorant, for to all others war has no bright points. Conquerors and kings, and the instruments of kings, be they generals or statesmen, have spread ravage and desolation over the earth, and recorded their fame in characters of blood. And poets and historians have sought immortality in records more horrible even than these; for by dwelling upon the bright points, by bringing forward the gaudy equipage, the gorgeous drapery, "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," and throwing into the shade its horrible and revolting features, they have tended to keep up the scourge, to perpetuate the curse, to carry down the degradation through all ages, through all generations of the earth. Upon the former, the curse which they dealt out to mankind will return, and rest for ever upon their unhallowed and blood-stained name; but it is the latter that will be visited with the highest measure of punishment, and upon them most assuredly will fall the deepest execration of their species. The minions of war and chivalry, Francis and his courtiers, might, as dissolute and mischievous buffons, have exercised an evil influence on their own age; but such imbeciles could have exercised none on any other, if there had not been found to exist men so blind and so degraded as to attempt to hold up such creatures as they to the admiration of posterity. We trust that the time is past, or at least passing away, when such men could be found on the face of the earth. Let any man, elevated ever so little by knowledge and civilization above the brutes, fix his attention upon the following picture, and say if he would choose to risk the bare possibility of subjecting himself and all that is dear to him to so frightful a destiny. The detail is horrible, but it must not, and shall not be passed over. The hand may sink from tracing and the mind from contemplating it, even as the firmest nerves will shrink from the application of the cauterizing steel, in which lies the only hope of safety; but the steel and the fire must do their office, or the patient must die. It would almost defy the imagination to conceive the infamous extravagances, the horrible excesses which men, released from the only restraint to which for long they have been accustomed, military discipline, and who acknowledge no other law, human or divine, are capable of perpetrating. Of such a character were the indignities which Rome had to endure from the soldiers of Bourbon, more avaricious, more cruel, more dissolute, and more impious than the Goths and Vandals who had formerly conquered her. Beauty, youth, innocence, and weakness tortured, and abandoned to ignominy; the most shameful outrages committed on women of the highest rank, and on those consecrated to the service of religion, the former dishonoured in the presence of their husbands and families, the latter violated on the very altars; churches profaned, plundered of their ornaments, and converted into stables: in one part, old men, bishops, and cardinals mounted with their faces to the tails, on asses and mules, paraded in the public places, exposed to hootings, to insults, and to blows; in another, processions of soldiers' boys, dressed in sacerdotal robes, counterfeiting the chanting and ceremonies of of religion, having their train borne by the prelates, reduced to the condition of footmen and lacqueys; here, groups women and girls, weeping, dragged with violence by the brigands who had carried them off; there, citizens loaded with irons, lacerated with blows, mutilated and put to the torture, till they discovered the place where they had concealed their treasures; such were a few of the scenes presented on this occasion by the captured city, and enacted by those followers of fame, those renowned foster-babes of gore and glory. It was whether the Spaniards, so skilful in the art of tormenting their victims, or the Germans, almost all furious Lutherans, should signalize themselves most by outrages against religion, decency, and humanity. The former, more practised, carried off the prize of cruelty and debauchery. They did not spare the foreigners who were in the city any more than the natives; and they exercised towards the Spanish and German prelates, the most devoted to the emperor, the same treatment, as to the ministers and courtiers of the pope. In a word, this horde of barbarians extended their fury, even to the finest monuments that had escaped the injuries of the Goths, of the Vandals, and of time."—(*Monthly Review.*)

From the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

TO A JEWESS OF ALTONA.

[The following fragment, by the author of the Pleasures of Hope, has never, so far as we are aware appeared in print, except in the pages of the "South African Journal," a magazine commenced at Cape Town in 1824, by Mr. Thomas Pringle, of which only one or two numbers appeared.]

Oh Judith! had our lot been cast
  In that remote and simple time,
When, shepherd swains, thy fathers pass'd
From dreary wilds and deserts vast,
  To Judah's happy clime,—

My song upon the mountain rocks,
  Had echoed oft thy rural charms,
And I had fed thy father's flocks,
Oh Judith of the raven locks,
  To win thee to my arms!

Our tent, beside the murmur calm
  Of Jordan's grassy-vested shore,
Had sought the shadow of the palm,
And blest with Gilead's holy balm,
  Our hospitable door.

At falling night, or ruby dawn,
  Or yellow moonlight's welcome cool,
With health and gladness we had drawn
From silver fountains on the lawn,
  Our pitcher brimming full.

How sweet to us at sober hours
  The bird of Salem would have sung,
In orange or in almond bowers,—
Fresh with the bloom of many flowers,
  Like thee, for ever young!

But ah, my love! thy father's land—
  It sheds no more a spicy bloom,
Nor fills with fruit the reaper's hand!
But wide the silent wilds expand,
  A desert and a tomb!

Yet by the good and golden hours
  That dawn'd those may fields among—
By Zion's palm-encircled towers,—
By Salem's far-forsaken bowers,
  And long-forgotten song—

* * * * * *

RIGHTS OF CONSTITUENTS

The rights which have been or often claimed and exercised of interrogating men in public life through the public journals is well satirized in the following article from the Augusta, Ga. Courier.

To the Honourable John Forsyth, Senator in Congress from the State of Georgia.

SIR—I am a citizen of the State which you have the honour to represent in the Federal Senate.

Considering, then, the relation in which you stand to me in common with your other fellow citizens, you will hardly question my right to examine into the history of your whole life, public and private; and to seek additional information on all those points, which I may have the curiosity, or will take the trouble to enquire into. It is in the exercise of this right (a right which necessarily accompanies the relation of constituent and Representative) that I propound to you the following interrogatories:

1st. If I am not mistaken, sir, I, some five or six years ago, heard a gentleman say, that in the year 1800 he was walking down Broad-street, and saw *you*, with two other gentlemen (whose names my informant did not recolllect) standing at a corner (I think it was the old Post-Office corner) engaged in conversation. My informant is under the impression that, as he passed, he heard you mention the "*United States Bank.*" Now, Sir, I wish to know *if you really did utter these words*—As in 1836 an attempt will probably be made to recharter the present United States Bank, you will readily perceive that it is of infinite importance that this affair should be enquired into. I would ask, therefore, if, in the year 1800, you did not hold a conversation about *some bank?* If yea, what gave rise to that conversation—state, as nearly as you can recollect, what was said on that occasion both by yourself, and the other gentlemen—who were the two gentlemen with whom my informant saw you conversing—In your answer please state particularly, whether the conversation did not take place at *the old Post Office corner.*

2d. It is said, sir, that you are, at present, absent from home on a visit to Milledgeville. I wish to know the object of this visit to Milledgeville—when you left home, and how long you expect to stay.

3d. It is reported, that, during your absence at Washington this winter, you do not intend leaving your family at the Sand Hills, as usual but that you design moving them to town. Now, sir, as there has been some talk lately of the establishment of a Branch of the U. S. Bank in this place I would ask if this unprecedented arrangement of yours—the removal of your family to town during your attendance upon Congress, is not in some way connected with the contemplated establishment at Augusta, of a Branch of the United States Bank—and if it be not likely unworthily to influence your conduct in relation to the re-chartering of the parent institution.

4th. I am informed that you have lately bought *three loads of Hay!!!* Now, as you yourself must soon leave the State, for Washington, and as your family, I understand, intend boarding in town, I can't possibly imagine, what you want with so much hay; I have heard several conjectures upon the subject, and have been told in the course of my enquiries into this matter that it was none of my business. I think otherwise, however. As none of the conjectures which I have heard are satisfactory, I must take the liberty of asking if you really have bought the three loads of hay—if yea, please state whether the proposition for the purchase of said hay *was made by you*, or whether it came originally *from the seller*—with all the circumstances which preceded, or accompanied the purchase, in any way relating to it. What did you want with the hay? What did you give for it? And where do you intend to keep it? In your answer please state particularly whether in payment for the hay, you did not give the seller three dollars in U. States money?

To the above interrogatories I demand immediate, explicit, and categorical answers, through the public prints. Be assured, sir, the people of Georgia will not rest satisfied with your silence in regard to the momentous subjects on which it is the object of my interrogatories to throw light; and if you choose to treat me with your usual neglect, you may be equally well assured, that you will have to hang your harp on the willow, as soon as your present term of service in the Senate shall expire. *One of the Sovereign People.*

ANECDOTES OF BIRDS.

I had once a favorite black hen, "a great beauty," she was called by every one, and so I thought her; her feathers were so pretty, and her toppings so white and full! She knew my voice as well as any dog, and used to run cackling and hustling to my hand to receive the crumbs that I never failed to collect from the breakfast table for "Yarico;" so she was called. Yarico, when about a year old, brought forth a respectable family of chickens, little, cowering, timid things at first, but, in due time, they became fine chubby ones; and old Norna, the hen-wife, said "if I could only keep Yarico out of the copse it would do; but the copse is full of weazels, and, I am sure, of foxes also. I have driven her back twenty times, but she watches till some one goes out of the gate, and then she's off again; it's always the way with young hens, miss; they think they know better than their keepers, and nothing cures them but losing a brood or two of chickens." I have often thought since, that young people, as well as young hens, buy their experience equally dear. One morning I went with my crumbs to seek out my favourite in the poultry-yard; plenty of hens were there, but no Yarico! The gate was open, and, as I concluded she had sought the forbidden copse, I proceeded there, accompanied by the yard-mastiff, a noble fellow, steady and sagacious as a judge. At the end of a ragged lane, flanked on one side by a quick-set hedge, on the other by a wild common, what was called the copse commenced; but before I arrived near the spot, I heard a loud and tremendous cackling, and met two young long-legged pullets running with both wings and feet towards home. Jock pricked up his short ears, and would have set off at full gallop to the copse, but I restrained him, hastening onward, however, at the top of my speed, thinking that I had as good a right to see what was the matter as Jock. Poor Yarico! An impertinent fox-cub had attempted to carry off one of her children, but she had managed to get them behind her in the hedge, and venturing boldly forth, had placed herself in front, and positively kept the impudent animal at bay; his desire for plunder had prevented his noticing my approach, and Jock soon made him feel the superiority of an English mastiff over a cub-fox. The most interesting portion of my tale is yet to come. Yarico not only never afterwards ventured to the copse, but formed a strong friendship for the dog that preserved her family. Whenever he appeared in the yard, she would run to meet him, prating and clucking all the time, and impeding his progress by walking between his legs, to his no small annoyance. If any other dog entered the yard she would fly at him most furiously, thinking, perhaps, that he would injure her chickens; but she evidently considered Jock her special protector, and treated him accordingly. It was very droll to see the peculiar look with which he regarded his feathered friend, not exactly knowing what to make of her civilities, and doubting how they should be received. When her family were educated and able to do without her care, she was a frequent visitor at Jock's kennel, and would, if permitted, roost there at night instead of returning with the rest of the poultry to the hen-house. Yarico was most certainly a grateful and interesting bird. * * *

One could almost believe the parrot had intellect, when he keeps up a conversation so spiritedly; and it certainly is singular to observe how accurately a well-trained bird will apply his knowledge. A friend of mine knew one which had been taught many sentences; thus, "Sally wants her breakfast!" "Sally wants her tea!" but she never mistook the one for the other; breakfast was invariably demanded in the morning and tea in the afternoon; and she always hailed her master, but no one else, by "How do you do, Mr. A.?" She was a most amusing bird, and could whistle dogs, which she had great pleasure in doing. She would drop bread out of her cage as she hung at the street-door, and whistle a number about her, and then, just as they were going to possess themselves of her bounty, utter a shrill scream of "Get out, dogs!" with such vehemence and authority as dispersed the assembled company without a morsel, to her infinite delight. I have heard of another parrot, too, that was caught up by an eagle. The parrot, in its ignorance, was quite amused at such a unique mode of conveyance, and seeing the old gardener, who had lost most of his hair, at work, exclaimed, "Baldpate, I ride, I ride!" "Yes," replied the old man, slowly raising himself, "yes, yes, and you'll pay for it." The story goes on farther to say, that the gardener, no way offended by the bird's uncourteous mode of address, followed the eagle to the next field, where he alighted with his prey, and there actually rescued the parrot just as the eagle began to strip him of his feathers; by which time, we may presume, the saucy bird had learned, that it was not the pleasantest thing in the world to ride with an eagle. The raven, too, is a bird of humour and sagacity. There was one kept, a few years ago, at Newhaven, an inn on the road between Buxton and Ashburn. This bird had been taught to call the poultry when they were fed, and could do it very well too. One day the table was being set out for the coach passengers' dinner; the cloth was laid, with the knives and forks, spoons, mats, and bread, and in that state it was left for some time, the room door being shut, but the window open. The raven had watched the operation very quietly, and, we may suppose, felt a strong ambition to do the like. When the coach was about arriving, and dinner was carried in, behold, the whole paraphernalia of the dinner-table had vanished! It was a moment of consternation; silver spoons, knives, forks, all gone? But what was the surprize and amusement to see, through the open window, upon a heap of rubbish in the yard, the whole array very carefully set out, and the raven performing the honours of the table to a numerous company of poultry, which he had summoned about him, and was very consequentially regaling with bread.—*Mrs. Hall, in the Juvenile Forget-me-not.*

Awkward Affray for an Anti-Reformer.—A rencontre took place last week in the neighbourhood of Forneth House, Perthshire, between the Earl of M—— and the Rev Mr. O——, an English gentlemen, which is likely to lead to very disagreeable consequences. It is reported that the Earl had trespassed on the shooting ground of the reverend gentleman; and that, upon being challenged for it very high words passed between them, till, in the excitement of the moment, the Earl fired at the reverend gentleman, but without effect, which led to language still more irritating, when the Earl fired again, and hit the reverend gentleman's horse. A message was forthwith sent to Perth, and a warrant procured to apprehend his lordship, who was brought into town on Monday evening, and examined by the sheriff on Tuesday, who committed him, and he was kept in custody until liberated on sufficient bail.—(*Glasgow Chronicle*)

Bishop Burnet once preaching before Charles 2d, was much warmed by his subject, and uttering a religious truth in a very earnest manner, with great vehemence struck his fist upon the desk, and cried out in a loud voice, "Who dare deny this?" "Faith," observed the king, in a tone not quite so loud as the preacher, "nobody that is within the reach of that great fist of yours."

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 24, 1831.

A CHAPTER
ON PUBLIC OPINION:
Being a Sketch of the Life and Character of that distinguished Personage.

There is a remarkable fellow, who has much to do in the affairs of the world, and exercises great influence over the fortunes of mankind, called Public Opinion. He has existed for a long time on the earth; but notwithstanding his great age, he is believed at this very day to be more vigorous than ever before. He has at times, it is true, been exceedingly feeble, and more than once was apparently at the last gasp. But he always had the good fortune to revive again, and to disappoint those who rejoiced at the prospect of his speedy death. Having so often recovered from the direst extremity, he is now supposed to be immortal.

As there is no chance of killing him, the wise ones of the earth endeavour assiduously to court his favor. He is the especial idol of politicians, and of all such persons as are in want of office. He is the god of the demagogue; and the perpetual object of lip-worship. "I bow submissively to Public Opinion," says the candidate for office. But in bowing, like the heroine of Goldsmith's play, he only 'stoops to conquer.' Though he professes to follow Public Opinion, his real object is to lead. He knows that he has to deal with an obstinate fellow, and one that cannot be easily driven; that he is invincible by blows, but will follow to the world's end, if he can only be led without perceiving the cord that binds him.

He is a fellow of strangely diversified character; possessed of great strength; exceedingly variable in his temper and disposition; sometimes gentle as the breeze that awakens the tender blossom; and sometimes raging like the whirlwind that uproots the sturdy forest. He is at one time just and good; at another wicked and revengeful. He is now wise and prudent; and, anon, rash and foolish. Like a spoiled child or nervous old woman, he is often in his tantrums, and then he is troublesome to deal withal. The fury of passion increases his strength; and, when once excited, he is apt to trample without remorse on law, order, equity and mercy.

So variable is he, that there is no calculating one day what he will be the next. Formerly he was much in favor of monarchy and the divine right of kings; now he is inclined to republicanism and the sovereign rights of the people. Formerly he was in favor of inflicting torture on criminals, and imprisonment on debtors; now in both cases he is inclined to the side of humanity and mercy. Once he was the friend of simplicity, economy, and honest industry; now he gives countenance to luxury, pride, and speculation.

Thus it appears, that he is not in the least to be depended upon. Though frequently right, he is oftentimes in the wrong; and though sometimes the best guide to justice, liberty, and happiness, he too often favors cruelty, oppression and licentiousness. Sometimes he plays the part of an Aurelius, and sometimes of a Caligula; sometimes he is a Washington, and sometimes an Arnold; sometimes a saint, and sometimes a sinner; sometimes a god, and sometimes a devil.

He has done much good in his time, and will doubtless do a great deal more. Though he frequently helps a bad man into office, he not unfrequently compels him to stand on his good behaviour when he is there. He dares not offend Public Opinion, lest he shall be put out again. Many a person is thus kept straight, who has no principle of honesty to guide him. The influence of Public Opinion effects that which conscience is unable to perform. It keeps many a man temperate, and many a woman decorous. It guards the lawn of the bishop, and the ermine of the judge. In short, Public Opinion, when rightly disposed, is a benefactor to the human race.

But, on the other hand, from his frequent ill-temper, his obliquities of judgment, and his disposition to swerve from the paths of rectitude, he has done incalculable mischief. There is scarcely a crime he has not instigated or abetted. He has been guilty of murders innumerable. He has overthrown states and empires. He has dragged the best men and purest patriots to the dungeon and the scaffold. He has elevated the bad to places of power and trust, and thrust out the good to be the prey and sport of an ungrateful world. He has persecuted religion, and ostracised virtue. He has burnt the martyr at the stake, and shed the blood of the patriot on the block.

Who was it persuaded the Israelites that their theocracy was a bad government, and that they should be happier under a king? Public Opinion. Who instigated the Athenians to banish Aristides the Just, and put Socrates to death? Public Opinion. Who influenced Pontius Pilate to deliver up an innocent and just person, the Saviour of men, to be crucified, and turn loose upon the world a notorious robber? Public Opinion. Who made Mahomet a prophet, and gave the Pope the keys of St. Peter? Public Opinion. Who bade the people of France murder Louis XVI. and raise up Robespierre? Public Opinion.

It would be endless to recount all the mischiefs, all the acts of injustice and cruelty that Public Opinion has done; and all the evils he has at different times brought upon individuals and upon communities. He has figured largely in our own country; and many a time within the last fifty years has come near driving the people mad. But on the whole, compared with his conduct in other countries, his behaviour has been singularly correct in our own. He has behaved himself ridiculously in some cases, and scandalously in others; but after all he has been eminently serviceable in these United States. He helped at first to plant the tree of liberty; and he has ever since been particularly watchful in rearing and preserving it. It is true, he sometimes thinks it is in danger when it is not; and flying into a terrible passion, threatens to tear it up by the roots in order to preserve it. But his passion pretty soon evaporates in words, and he continues the same watchful guardian that he was before.

It is a subject of curious remark why he should behave himself better, and sustain a more manly character here than in the older countries of the East. But we apprehend the reason is plain: he is better instructed here than on the other side of the Atlantic. Though he does not actually go to school himself, he is always enlightened just in proportion to the general knowledge of the people. He acts here with a vigor and boldness unknown to the old world—and all because he is free. On the eastern continent, with the exception of England and one or two other countries, he dares not say his soul is his own. When kept under, he is a poor abject being; but when allowed free scope, he is as bold as a lion.

Among his other doings in this country, he is supposed to lord it largely over the periodical press; and to guide the quill of the editor in every thing he writes. The latter indeed sits in his arm-chair, and boasts of being independent; while Public Opinion stands by, directs his vaporing periods, and laughs in his sleeve. Confound the fellow! who knows but he is looking over our shoulder at this very moment; and that he will presently insist upon our throwing this impartial sketch into the fire? Let him try it, if he will. We have a great regard for him, to be sure, when he conducts himself properly; and will do any thing in reason to gratify him. But we are determined, on this occasion, to have our own way in spite of the old gentleman; and that he shall, for once in his life, see his own character in print.

Roxobel. We have read through this last work of Mrs. Sherwood with much gratification. Many scenes in it are highly original; and several wrought up with great interest. In undertaking to describe a whole community, though so small a one as that of a village, she had much scope for the delineation of character—since no two persons in the world are supposed to be exactly alike. Her personages, however, are not all of the every-day stamp; they are many of them sufficiently remarkable to give a high degree of zest to their history.

Her main object seems to be to show the effect of education, particularly moral and religious, on the character and happiness of mankind; and also to point out the sad consequences that result from the neglect of a proper education. This she has done by a skilful contrast of characters, and in such a manner as to amuse and interest the fancy, while she improves the heart of the reader. Her particular views in religion, perhaps, may not accord with the opinions of all; and some perhaps will think she moralizes too often; but there is so much interesting incident, blended with such a mixture of humor, pathos, and agreeable description, that none can read her work, and say they are tired of the story.

Returning a Lady's Compliments. The following very judicious mode of returning a lady's compliments, is extracted from Roxobel. Mr. Airley, the little gentleman of the story, says:—"It is a rule with me, when returning a lady's compliments, to reject all parts of speech excepting nouns, with which last I supply myself liberally, filling up what might be thought wanting to complete my meaning with smiles, bows, shrugs, exaltations of the eyebrows, and other significant gestures. It was during my residence in the French court, some years past, that I learned the value of this mode of communication. Among its numerous advantages, in the first place, it pleases the fair sex, conveying many agreeable ideas to the mind of the auditress, for which she is disposed to feel suitably grateful. Having also little or no meaning, at the same time that it flatters the lady it leaves the gentleman free as the wind. And I may likewise add, that substantives and adjectives, however lavishly used, can never implicate the honor of the speaker; for no speech which wants the verb can ever be misinterpreted into an offer of marriage: and therefore I would particularly recommend this cautious mode of expression to those unfortunate young men who, being possessed of superior attractions, find themselves liable to be taken and appropriated by every young lady of their acquaintance."

A MAN CHANGED TO A MONKEY.
Translated from the XVI. Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

A youth, in highest fashion drest,
With widened shoulders, waist comprest,
With bishoped hips, moustaches twirled,
And whiskers neatly combed and curled,
One day stood grinning, bowing, scraping,
The gentleman in fancy aping.

Thus practising the glass before,
He view'd his person o'er and o'er;
And bursting forth in raptures warm,
At his own motions, phiz, and form,
"Immortal gods!" his accents fell,
"Apollo never shone so well—
Apollo—pshaw! had I been he,
Daphne had never fled from me."
With that he cut some capers more,
And vainly boasted as before.

Meanwhile Apollo, from a cloud,
O'erheard the dandy boasting loud,
And quickly to himself he said,
His face with anger glowing red,
"I'll strike the impious reptile dead."
He poised his weapon high in air,
And aimed it well to send it fair—
When suddenly his hand he staid,
And thus unto himself he said,
"I'll spare the silly chattering clod.
The game's unworthy of a god;
But I will spoil his pretty shape,
And of the dandy make an ape."

Apollo said—and soon a change
The dandy felt, so queer and strange,
That, in deep wonder and amaze,
Upon the glass he fixed his gaze:
He saw his visage lengthened out,
And all his face became a snout;
He saw his comely mouth appear
Stretched nearly round from ear to ear;
His forehead and pomatumed crest
Now into nothing quite deprest;
And, in the room of whiskers fair,
All o'er his face the sprouting hair.
His arms seemed lengthened out to view,
His legs deformed and slender grew,
And he'd four hands instead of two.
He turned, as wonder filled his mind,
His staring eyes to look behind,
And—Oh, the shocking sight to bear!
He saw a tail was growing there.
A prickling too, as with a pin,
He felt through all his changing skin:
And, starting up at every pore,
His skin with hair was covered o'er.

As wonder and amazement all
Shot through his intellectual ball,
His mouth he opened to exclaim,
But from his mouth no words there came:
No voice distinct his lips let fall,
'Twas only chittering, chattering all.
His shape, his language, and his air
Betrayed the Monkey to a hair.

Deciding a Law Case according to Scripture. Among other curious selections sent us by a reading friend, is the following:—"There was a time in this kingdom (England?) when letters were so low, that whoever could prove himself in a court of justice able to read a verse in the New Testament, was vested with the highest privileges; and a clergyman who knew any thing of grammar was looked upon as a prodigy.—In those enlightened days, a rector of a parish, as we are told, going to law with his parishioners concerning the paving of the church, quoted this authority from St. Peter: '*Paveant illi, non paveam ego;*' which he construed, 'they are to pave the church, not I;' and this was allowed to be good law by a judge who was an ecclesiastic too."

Johnston's Scraps. The Hogarth of America has kindly sent us the several numbers of his immortal Scraps. We say kindly—because he who helps a man to laugh, helps him to grow fat; and he who grows fat is in a comfortable condition. Helps us to laugh, did we say? In truth he compels us to laugh—and so he would the soberest deacon in the land. There is no resisting the effect of his comicality. He is a benefactor to the human species, and deserves to be encouraged. His Scraps have generally a good moral effect. They touch upon the follies and vices of the times with most admirable skill. There is no danger of their doing any harm, unless they make a man laugh so as to split his mouth from ear to ear. Those, who venture to examine them, should indeed be on their guard against such a catastrophe. With this necessary caution, we recommend them to the risibility of the public. The No. for 1832 is just published; and those who have purchased and laughed over the former numbers will hasten to do the same by this.

Living in the Ark. At a certain boarding school for boys, in a certain town in Connecticut, the pupils were kept on rather short commons—or, more properly speaking, they had commonly no other meat, than salt pork. In the morning it was salt pork broiled; at noon it was boiled salt pork; and at night it was the same boiled salt pork, served up cold. The boys, who think in general that food for the body is quite as important as that for the mind, began to grow dissatisfied. But they were afraid openly to broach their complaints, and the murmurs of the stomach were for some time kept under.

Among other regulations of the school, was the pious one of requiring each of the pupils to read a chapter in the Bible daily; and if any one had any doubt respecting the meaning of any passage, or felt desirous to ask any question on the subject of his reading, he was at liberty to do so. They had commenced at the creation of the world, and got as far as the flood, when one of them inquired, with due submission, what Noah and his family lived on in the ark. The teacher was about to open his lips gravely in reply, when another boy taking the word out of his mouth said—"I can tell what they lived on."

"Ah, indeed!" said the master—"and what was was it?"

"*Salt Pork*," replied the boy.

The master thought the explanation more prompt than satisfactory; nevertheless the opinion of the young commentator had a very re-*fresh*-ing influence on the future supplies of the table.

Consolation after Defeat. Our Ex-Governor, Yates, as is well known, came into the chief magistracy by a very large majority of votes. It is also known that at the next election he went out by an equally large majority. After the defeat, some friend of his, by way of consolation, recalled to his mind the singular unanimity with which he had formerly been chosen. "Yes," replied his ex-Excellency, whose pronunciation is a little Dutchy—"I came in by de consent of all parties; and I went again in de same way—by de consent of all parties."

Death of the President of Greece. Count Capo d'Istrias was assassinated, at Napoli, on the 7th of October, as he was entering the church, by Constantine and George Mavromichalis, the brother and son of Petro Bey. Constantine was slain by the President's guards; while George escaped and took refuge with the French Consul, who, however engaged to give him up when demanded by the legal authorities. The immediate grounds for this assassination were the unjust imprisonment of Petro Bey. Capo d'Istrias is said to have been very amiable in private life, but tyrannical in his government.

Life of Newton.—No. XXVI. of Harper's Family Library is just published. It is some time since the appearance of the last number, and the public had nearly begun to grow impatient. This series is too valuable to be easily forgotten, though considerable time should occasionally intervene in the publication of the different numbers. The present work consists of the Life of Sir Isaac Newton, written by the celebrated Dr. Brewster. It is the only biography of this greatest of men, that has ever appeared on any considerable scale; and must be exceedingly acceptable to the public. Accompanying the work is a finely engraved likeness, from an original painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Diary of a Physician. Messrs. J. & J. Harper have published a second volume of those interesting sketches under the above title. So many of these articles have already been appropriated by the newspapers of the day and eagerly read by the public, that we need say no more than that they may be had of the Messrs. Harpers in the form of a book, now comprising two neat volumes. Those who have read a part, (and who has not?) will be the more eager for the whole; and will be glad to have them in a shape for preservation and reperusal.

We believe the present volume was published early last week; but not having received a copy until Friday, we could not notice it in our paper of the same week, which went to press on Thursday morning. And that we may not seem to neglect an early notice of all such works as are sent us, we would take this opportunity to observe, that if they are sent later than the middle of the week, we are obliged to postpone any notice of them until the week following.

SALLUST. Translated by William Rose, M. A.. With Improvements and Notes. New-York: J. & J. Harper, 1831.

This work forms the 5th No. of the Classical Family Library. It contains the History of the Conspiracy of Cataline, and of the War against Jugurtha; which are all that remain of the writings of Sallust—if indeed he ever produced any thing else. In relation to the value of these writings, nothing need be said by us: their character has long ago been established for authenticity of narrative and elegance of style. The present translation does ample justice to the original, and will be welcome both to the English and the classical scholar. A sketch of the life of Sallust is prefixed, together with a likeness handsomely engraved.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. The grand historical drama of Napoleon, which had been for several months in preparation, was brought out at the Park last week. It embodies a sketch of the life, character, and military exploits of that extraordinary man—commencing at the siege of Toulon, where he first distinguished himself as captain of artillery, and ending with his death on the Island of St. Helena. There is in it more action than speaking, and more show than either. Considered as a spectacle, it has much to admire. The second and third acts are got up in excellent style. The scenery of Mount St. Bernard, covered with snow, is indeed grand beyond description. The very sight would almost give one a chill in dog days. The crossing of the troops is a spirit-stirring scene. The pioneers going forward with pickaxes and shovels to clear away the snow and ice; the soldiers following after, and carrying up the artillery piece meal; the waving of flags, with the beat of drums and other music; and finally Napoleon himself on his charger, crossing the Alps like a second Hannibal—all taken together, have an effect upon the audience which we have never witnessed in any other piece. The applauses are constant from the time the troops begin to ascend the mountain, until the scene closes.

The piece, as we have intimated, is chiefly to be admired as a spectacle. There are however some touches of deep pathos in the parting of Bonaparte with his troops previous to his embarking for the Island of Elba, and also in the closing scene at St. Helena. The piece is on the whole exceedingly well got up. It has been played almost every night since the first bringing out; and, considering the time of year, to good houses. It is a very popular piece, and bids fair to reward the managers for their exertions, and the great expense of its production.

MISCELLANY.

LETTER FROM MRS. RAMSBOTTOM.

Cloppem Kommon, Hoct. 14.

DEAR BULL—What will you Aunty-reformers say now. The Parlyment is to be berogued, and your hopes are all blyted—now my expectorations are answered—this is a nice two do—Fulmer, who is on your side, sings what he calls his High Ho Pea hem, but I cant agree with him because Mr. Ram was a wriggler radical, and so am I, because I do not know no better, and theerfor I redes the Tims, and am quite agreeable to the pinions of the Head-eater of that paper.

I have bin to hear the debretts of the peerage—we had seets in the House of Lauds. What a man that Hairy Broom is—what a spich he made and how thrusty he got—I asked what it was he was drinking, and they told me a Bishop—he seemed as if he could have swallowed the see. He had the tumblers hin, ot and ot, like the stakes at his Club—but when he went down upon his Marybones, I was quite resolved into tiers, for feer he never cud git up agin.

Lord Grey is a fine cretur, but very grey indeed; I remember him as Lord How-weak many ears ago, I saw Lord Monster too, and the Kernel which has the Kopper minds, who is called Lord Dinnerbell, because of his feedin a great Duck at his house in Whales.

I had a nut from Lord Pummicestone, to tell me he was not gone to resin—he poots up with a great deal from Lord Grey and Broom, and even from Lord Drum, when he is well enough to go to the Cabinet—that was a purty scrap he got into Ninnyveal, the Ditchman; and now I heer he is another to do about the Emperor of the brass heels—Lewey Flip does not like given up the Portingal ships, and as we does every thing Tallyrong thinks right, why we must not grumble—this is Pummicestone's noose to me. If the King of Spain helps Don M'Gill they say he will suckseed in keeping his hone—the Spanish is all he wants to put him to rites. As for Rooshy andProoshy, P. says he cant say much about them, only I see that Leaving has not left, and that Bowlow halso here—but else forayying affairs seems below pa.

The Bishop of Lundun did not vote agin the Bile—I herd why—his first start in life was hoeing to a translation—he wants to try another—this is Greek to me, Mr. B.

I think the people are just showing their sprit—Houly think the Lord Lunnundery pooling out a pistole, and fritening such a many men as he did. They are rong to set fire to houses, and as for the Hayfair at Knottingham Castle, it was absird hin the hextream, for to *my* mind the surest way of raising the New Castles is burning down the old ones. Our friend P. applied to me to see and ask Fulmer to be made a pier this time; and Lavy would like to be a Viscountess she says—a Barreness she would not listen to; but I did not like to say any thing to F. because Lord P. said "He was wanted to carry the Bill through the House of Lords;"—these are P.'s hone words out of his lether to me, and I do think Fulmer was born and bred to better things than to do porter's work at a time of life—If they wants "the Bill carried through the House," why dont they imploy sarvants of their hone, without trying to disgrace honest people witch is as good as themselves.

Pray what do they mean by sayin "whipster of a fraction," whenever they talk of Lord John Rustle? I think it is an allusion to some of his impotence in the Ouse of Kommons. Fulmer says that his Ludship can't bear lousing—he sims to me to have been mangled last Wednesday—however, I'm all for Reform, and Lord Grey, and Universal Suffering, and Vote by Ballad. And now the Bill has been rejected, I am ready for another hole Bill, and nothing but the Bil—and you mark my words Mr. B. you will be hobliged to pool in your orns after all you have said and dun.

The King must be a good deal worried, wot with won thing and hanuther. If I was he I never would let Ministers hoverrule me—I would have my own whey, and if I could not master them pieceably, I wood do as Fulmer says, "cut the Jordon knot at once, and resolve the Parlyment."

Say somethink in your pepper, that may show me you have got this. Yours still in french slips,

D. L. RAMSBOTTOM.

P. S. I forgot to tell you my fourth gull, Addle-head, is going to be married next week to Doctor Pillycodshy, of Peckham.

A NORTH AMERICAN FOREST.

BY JOHN NEAL.

The Autumnal beauty of a North American forest cannot be exaggreated. It is like nothing else on earth. Many a time have we gone through it; slowly tilting over a pretty blue lake, there, among the hills; our birch canoe dipping with every motion of the paddle—the waters beneath us—all the mountains about us—all unknown to the world, in a solitude—a quiet profound as death—and bright as heaven, the shores overhung with autumnal foliage; and a sky so wonderful—so visionary—that all the clouds, and all the mountains were of a piece, in the clear water; and our boat was like a balloon.

Say what you will, there is nothing to be compared to a scene of this kind—about an hour before sunset, in the depth of great North American solitude—a vast amphitheatre of wilderness, rock and mountain—after the trees are changed by the frost. People may talk of their fine Italian skies; of their hot, bright East Indian skies, and of the deep midnight blue, and of the true South American skies.—We have seen them all; slept under a sky like one great moon; worshiped them all, seen them through all the changes of storm and sunshine, darkness and light: and we say that in reality, they are dim, heavy, clouded, uninteresting, compared with your North American skies a little before and after sunset.

And so too, of the garniture of a North American wilderness, after two or three clear frosty nights. There is nothing to compare with it under heaven. The mountains, valleys, woods, all burst into flowers; all at once. Other countries are in a better state of cultivation. Their trees are less numerous; their wild shrubbery less like a vegetable inundation over the land—covering every foot of the earth, for the changes of their colour, from season to season are slow and gradual.

It is not so in America—North America, *There* the transformation is universal, instantaneous. A single night will do it. In the evening of a fine day, perhaps, all the great woods will be green; and hardly a red, or a brown, or a yellow leaf. A sharp frost will set in at night. Before the sun rise again, the boundless verdure of the whole province—a whole empire, in truth,—will be changed. In the morning, there will be hardly a green leaf to be found. Before the week is over, go where you may, through the superb wilderness, you will meet with nothing but gay, brilliant scarlet, purple, orange; with every possible variety of brown, light blue and vivid crimson and blood colour. Of all the tress, none but the evergreen tribe keep their integrity. They show along the battierments of the mountain darker than ever; more cloudy than ever; like so many architectural ruins, or surviving turrets, in the splendour of the surrounding landscape.

No, no! it is not saying too much of all this great magnificence; when the fresh, cold, brisk wind of the seasons, gets among the branches, after such a night, and blows up the superfluous leafing, to the warm sunshine, like a tempest among prodigious flowers tearing and scattering the tulip coloured foilage over all the earth, and over all the waters; no, it is not saying too much merely to say that under heaven, throughout all the vegetable creation, there is no spectacle of beauty, or show of richness or grandeur, to be compared with it. Imagine, (we do not mind appearing a little absurd, if hereby, we may give the stranger a true idea of this appearance,) imagine, therefore a great wilderness of poppies, or tulips, outspread itself on every side; reaching quite away to the horizon, over hill, and over valley; or a wood literally encumbered, heavy, with great gorgeous, live butterflies, forever in motion.

We have been a traveller; we have looked upon the dark Norwegian woods; their dull evergreens towering up into the sky, and covering a whole province; woods, too, of stupendous oak; each tree if the soil were divided, overshadowing men's inheritance; flourishing bravely through whole territories; more than one quiet, solitary place; towering over all; all the year round. But we never met with—never heard of—never looked upon, elsewhere, that profusion of glorious vegetable beauty which is to be seen, every fall in the woods of North America, heaped up on the banks of all the rivers; up—to the very skies—on the green mountains; and weltering there, all the day through, in the light and shadow, or wind, or sunshine of the seasons.

WINTERS IN NEW-YORK.—[*Notices of the Winters at New-York for the last forty-two years, and of the dates at which the Hudson was frozen, was obstructed or closed by ice at Albany.*]

1789 '90. A very mild winter. The mildest January since 1781. River open till 3rd February, though occasionally obstructed by ice before.

1790 '1. Very severe weather in December, but more moderate in January and February. River closed on the 8th December. Lowest degree of thermometer this winter, 5 above zero.

1791 '2 A very severe winter. River closed on the 9th December; uninterrupted and severe frost for four weeks; lowest degree of thermometer 1 above zero.

1792 '3. A very mild winter; river open all winter to Poughkeepsie; though it closed at Albany on the 12th December.

1703 '4. A mild winter with but little snow; river closed on the 26th December.

1794 '5. A very mild autumn and December; river closed on the 12th January; no ice till 3d January, and but little cold weather and snow this winter.

1795 '6. Another very mild autumn and December, no ice till 21st December; river open till 23d January.

1586 '7. Early winter and severe till 12th January; river closed on the 28th November; intensely cold on the 23d and 24th December; mercury at zero in the morning.

1797 '8. Very early and severe winter; river closed on 20th November; lowest degree 4 above zero.

1798 '9. Very early, long and severe winter, though the weather was moderate for about three weeks in January, river closed on 23d November; lowest degree, 2 above zero.

1799 1800. A mild winter; river closed on 6th January, but obstructed by ice before.

1800 '1. A mild winter, with but little snow: a very mild December, river closed on 3d January.

1801 '2. A remarkably mild winter; river open till 3d February, though obstructed by ice occasionally before. In January the mercury generally ranged between 40 and 50 degrees, and no snow of any consequence fell till 22d February.

1802 '3. A mild and variable winter with but little snow; river closed on 16th December.

1803 '4 A very mild December; some severe weather and deep snows, in January and the latter part of February; river open till 12th of January; lowest degree, 12 above zero.

1804 '5. A remarkably cold and variable winter, deep snows and heavy rains with high winds; lowest degree, 2 above zero; river closed on 13th December—much distress among the poor.

1805 '6. Generally cold in January, though very mild in December and February; river closed 9th January, and opened on 23d February.

1806 '7. A severe winter; river closed on 11th December; lowest degree, 4 above zero.

1807 '8. A mild winter; December very mild; river closed on 4th Jannary.

1808 '9. A long and severe winter, with much snow; river closed on 9th December; lowest degree, 6 above zero.

1809 '10. Remarkably mild till 19th January, when the river closed and the weather was intensely cold for several days; very little snow this winter; lowest degree, 1 above zero.

1810 '11. Much snow in February, though not much severe cold this winter. This season was remarkable for a severe snow storm on the 2d November; river closed on 14th December.

1811 '12. A severe winter; river closed on 20th December; lowest degree, 2 above zero.

1812 '13. A severe winter; river closed on 21st December; lowest degree, 4 above zero.

1813 '14. A severe winter; river closed on 22d December; lowest degree, 8 above zero.

1814 '15. A very severe though variable winter; river closed on 10th December; lowest degree, 1 above zero.

1815 '16. A variable though not severe winter; river closed on 2d December.

1816 '17. A very severe winter, though it did not set in till the middle of January; river closed on 16th December; thermometer on the 15th February was 6 degrees below zero, and the first time since 1788 that it has fallen below zero in this city. As cold as in January, 1765, when the mercury sunk to the same degree; which the papers state to have been the coldest weather experienced in this city in 30 years.

1817 '18. Generally moderate in December and January, though severe in February; river closed on 7th December, opened on 14th and closed again on 21st December; mercury fell to zero this winter.

1818 '19. Severe weather for two weeks in December; river closed on 14th; generally very mild in January and February.

1819 '20. A severe winter; several deep snows; river closed on 13th December, though obstructed by ice before; lowest degree, 3 above zero.

1820 '1. Intensely severe weather during the greater part of January, though mild in February; river closed on 13th November, opened on 20th and closed again on 1st December; the mercury fell on 25th January to 7 degrees below zero, one degree lower than in February 1817, as cold weather probably as was ever experienced here. The Hudson was crossed on the ice between this city and Powles Hook for several days. During the last hundred years, the river has been passable on the ice in the same way for four times, viz. in 1740 41, 1764 65, 1779 80, 1820 21.

1821 '2. A severe winter with but little snow; river closed on 13th December; mercury as low as 1 below zero.

1822 '3. No very severe weather till February and March, river closed on 24th December; lowest degree 3 above zero.

1823 '4. Very mild winter; river closed on 16th December, open in January for a short time.

1814 '5. Mild winter with but little snow; river closed on 3d January.

1825 '26. Weather generally very mild, though there were two or three excessively cold days this winter. December 11th was a remarkably cold day; thermometer at 8 A. M. 3 and 10 P. M. indicated 2, 7, and 9 degrees; river closed on 13th December.

1826 '7. A severe winter; river closed on 24th Dec. lowest degree 3 above zero.

1827 '8. A very cold and blustering November, followed by the mildest winter since 1801 02; river closed only about three weeks at different times through the winter. The mildest February since 1778 79, when vegetation commenced and flowers were gathered in the woods, and in Pennsylvania peach trees blossomed in this month.

1828 '9. A long severe winter; river closed on 1st January and opened on 29th March; lowest degree, 6 1-2 below zero. Much suffering among the poor in February.

1829 '30. Weather generally mild till 23d Jan. when the river closed; weather then very severe for several weeks. As much ice in our harbour as in 1826 27; lowest degree, 3 above zero.

1830 '1. A very severe winter with several deep snows; ground covered with snow from 6th Jan. to 20th Feb. a longer period than in any winter since 1808 09. Severe and uninterrupted frost for upwards of five weeks, during which time there were but three days in which the mercury rose to the freezing point; lowest degree 5 above zero. Much distress among the poor—river closed on 23d December, opened again by heavy rains and closed again on 10th January.

1831. December 10th—Thus far the coldest Dec since 1786; lowest degree, 14 above zero; river closed on 3d December.

Valuable Relic.—There is now in the possession of a gentleman of this town, (Portland,) a small miniature likeness of General Washington, painted by C. W. Peale, Esq. of Philadelphia, which surpasses anything of the kind that I have ever seen, and considering the great subject, it is an inestimable treasure. At the death of Washington, his family grieved that there was no portrait of him which conveyed an adequate idea of his mild, thoughtful, and dignified, yet firm and penetrating countenance. Yet could they now behold the little miniature I am now describing they would grieve no longer. I was struck most sensibly the moment I cast my eyes upon it, with the force and effect of all they lamentd in all the portraits of that illustrious personage.

Good paintings are always valuable, but one of Washington from a sitting is beyond dispute the most valuable treasure a lover of the fine arts can possess. The painting is very small, and Washington is represented in a sitting posture, the eyes and coloring are considered admirable, the nose is not quite as long as Stuart represents it in his portrait. Although there is but little paint used in coloring, it appears like raised work upon the ivory, and all the pencilings and slightest touches appear in high relief. Whoever can imagine the countenance of Washington delivering his Farewell Address to the people of the U. States, can figure to themselves the appearance of the little miniature I have been gazing upon.—(*Washington Globe.*)

THE HAPPY MAN'S SHIRT.

From the German of Langbein.

"A king lay dangerously ill,
And nought availed him draught or pill;
He bore his fate with resignation;
While round his bed their consultation
The grave physicians held, the fever
Laughed at their skill as much as ever.

Now all the theatres were closed,
And fiddlers intermitted scraping;
The *beau monde*, as may be supposed,
From *feigning* grief saw no escaping:
They had already, it is said,
Ordered their mournings to be made.

The old court jester seemed as though
His tongue had suffered amputation,
And he who once could chatter so,
Now 'mongst the doctors took his station:
Silent and silly, near the bed
He stood and shook his empty head.

At length, howe'er, it chanced one day
From off his lips the padlock fell—
"Ye sage big-wigs!" he 'gan to say,
"You're only fit for folks who're well:
In spite of all your Greek and Latin,
Death where he will creeps like a rat in!

Now look ye, sirs, before your eyes
He grapples with the Lord's anointed;
Vain are your drugs and looks so wise—
He laughs to see you disappointed.
So now be off! I know a man,
If he can't cure him, no one can.

He is—what you're not altogether—
A conjurer of wondrous fame;
He can lay ghosts and goblins, whether
From hell or heaven, 'tis all the same;
And to a hair he prophesies;
And when he's called no sick man dies!"

"Humph!" says one sage, "do you pretend,
You fool! to know aught of the case?"
"Pshaw!" cried the king, "be silent, friend!
He's the best servant I've in place:
Heed not his talk, good fool, but bring
Your wizard here to heal your king."

Not distant was the wizard's cave,
'Twas seated in a neighbouring wood:
Quickly he rose; led by the knave,
His tottering steps the way pursued.
Like Nestor, he with years was graced,
His silver beard flowed to his waist.

In low, hearse voice his majesty
With friendly greeting hailed the sage—
"Welcome, most worthy prophet! I
Do bless thy coming. Light of th' age!
Must I—oh tell me is't my doom—
Step from my throne into my tomb?"

"I may not give," the graybeard said,
"An instant answer to thy quest;
The rolling planets must be read—
Hard is their meaning to be guessed.
When morning gilds the mountain's brow
Thy life or death I'll truly shew."

Thus having said, he went away,
Leaving to greatness all its cares:
True to his word, at dawn of day
He comes again, and with him bears
A magic volume in his hand,
Which none but he could understand.

"Sir king," he spake, "your danger's great,
Death ready stands to claim his own;
But yet your majesty may straight
Your health regain, if you put on
A shirt whose owner hath enjoyed
Happiness always unalloyed."

The courtiers laughed—"the man is mad!"
—A whisper ran around the room;
Yet spake with hope the monarch glad
To his prime minister—"Now come,
My lord, this in your province lies,
This shirt forms part of the supplies.

Why do you muse and look so pale?
Only to-day you boasting spoke,
Your policy could never fail
To fill my realm with happy folk:
Now of this mighty host I ask
No more than one—be that your task."

The statesman left the sick king's bed,
Bearing a cloud upon his face,
And to his cabinet he sped,
Cussing from first to last the case.
He spoilt ten pens in his vexation,
And then he wrote a proclamation.

"Whereas, &c. near our bed
Death ready stands to claim his own;
Yet shall we, hath a prophet said,
Our health regain, if we put on
A shirt whose owner hath enjoy'd
Happiness always unalloy'd.

Therefore, to whom all care's unknown
We now address our proclamation—
Let him forthwith give us in loan
A shirt (though coarse, 'twill serve th' occasion):
The boon we shall with gold reward,
And favour with our high regard."

At the street corners, scarcely dry,
The paper had not long been pasted,
Than half the town, with eager eye
And neck outstretched, impatient hasted
To read it o'er—when straight a flood
Of bitter comments on't ensued.

Quoth Poverty—"God bless us! So!
We truly are the folks they want:—
We're rich in cares; in shirts—oh, no!
Our huts are mis'ry's fav'rite haunt;
And when taxation opes the door,
Good bye to luck—he's seen no more!"

And many a husband read the bill,
And bit his lip, to think the life
He led at home, and what a pill
It was to have a vixen wife,
Whose temper prov'd, alas! too well
That oft on earth there is a hell.

In short, each one his burden bore,
And each one heav'd a deep-drawn sigh,
And felt, in truth, it griev'd him sore
That he could not a shirt supply;
And day and night they waited—yet
The smallest rag they could not get.

"D—n it!"—for once, the statesman swore—
"Now this, I say, is insolent—
My coach." He searched the kingdom o'er,
But only to such people went
As by the world's false estimate
Have happiness supremely great.

He sought among the rich, who roll
(A swinish multitude) in gold;
He sought the high, whose mighty soul
Could dream of nought but projects bold:
He sought the newly-wedded pair,
Who span-new bands of Hymen wear:

"My friends!" he said, "in verity
We're much surpris'd and discontent
You feel not for his majesty,
And not a single shirt have sent:
If you're not happy—hang it! then
No happiness exists 'mongst men."

Red grew the cheek of many a dame,
And many a valiant knight turn'd pale
There was a something they might blame,
But fear'd confessing the sad tale;
So from his lordship hid the smart,
And shew'd him all things—save their heart.

Shirts without number, true, he got—
His carriage could not hold them all;
And in the palace scarce a spot
Was left uncover'd—e'en the hall;
And each, although exceeding weak,
The king put on, and—still was sick.

"Just as I thought," the jester cried;
"Spite of your wisdom's excellence,
Except a fool, who would have tried
To find true bliss in eminence?—
'Tis nought but smoke with such a brood;
Ape's tricks and cat-like gratitude."

"Ay! ay! that's true," then said the king;
"My jester speaks both bold and right:
Again, my lord, to travelling—
Nor e'er return, as you're a knight,
Till what we wish you chance to find—
The shirt of health, as was enjoined."

His lordship gave the fool a look
Of vengeance; and then "slave!" he grunted
And then for his companion took
A courtier friend; and round they hunted
Full four weeks long, now here, now there—
In short, they travell'd every where.

A trumpeter before them rode,
And as they went, he blew a blast
In every village on the road:
This was their question to the last;
"Is there none happy in this place?"—
But not a single voice said, "Yes!"

"Here's a wild-goose chase!" cried the count;
"Coachman, turn back!—upon my soul,
I'll call that jester to account;
He's made us each an April fool.
The people dread, if they confess,
Lest we should tax their happiness."

"Just so," his fellow-traveller said;
"They think they've been too long without
A slice of bacon to their bread;
And, for my part, I do not doubt
That all the wizard said was fudge:
He's humbug'd king and all, I judge."

Their carriage now with lordly speed
Rolled on towards the capital;
There fortune's star, as they proceed,
They sought with offers liberal.
They'd many a slice of the best bacon:
But happiness would not be taken.

At last, one morn—so runs the tale—
Their journey they had scarce begun,
When, sounding from a grassy vale,
Within a grove, safe from the sun,
By the way-side, a song they heard
In jovial tone, thus word for word:—

"Hurrah! I am a joyous wight,
As though I had a prince's gold!
And, oh! it makes me laugh outright,
When Mammon's vot'ries I behold.
Hurrah! I am as rich myself,
Since I can do without their pelf!"

"Ha! hear you not that merry lay,
Under yon spreading beechen shade?—
Upon my word, there warbles gay
The phœnix we are seeking," said
The count to his companion. "Stay!
Coachman, we'll make a last essay."

Alighting then, led by the sound,
Into the wood they walk'd, and there
They saw a peasant; on the ground
He sat and ate his rustic fare:
The clown—a young, fresh, active youth,
All life and spirit, in good truth—

With what an appetite he ate!
And how content laugh'd on his face!
And, to complete the scene, there sate
At his right hand a jolly lass,
Straight as a wand, compact and round,
And as a fish i' th' water sound.

He kissed her—and that made the spies
Feel their mouths water at the sight;
"Upon my word!" the count then cries,
"Yon fellow revels in delight,
Seas'ning his breakfast with a kiss—
An epicure might envy this!"

Nearer they came. "My friend! So, so
You relish things betimes I see:
Thou seem'st a most determin'd foe
To sorrow and anxiety;
And, if thy looks do not deceive,
That thou art happy I believe."

"Ay! that I am!" good Hodge replied;
"My labour yields me all I need;
And tell me where so nice a bride
As *her* could I have found?—indeed,
When she looks on me lovingly,
I'd not change with the king—not I."

"Alas! poor king!" the statesman said;
"Now lies he sick, and rack'd with pain;
Yet *thou* canst raise him from his bed,
With little trouble, well again:
A *shirt*—the wizard's words assure—
A *shirt of thine* will work his cure."

"A *shirt of mine!*" Hodge wond'ring cried—
"A *shirt of mine!*—I'm grieved to say—
I am indeed"—and then he sigh'd—
"I can't oblige you in that way;
Of happiness a large supply—
But d—l a rag of shirt have I!"

"Heavens!" cried the statesman, and grew pale,
"The happiest man in all this realm
Has got no shirt!—the mournful tale
Will all with sorrow overwhelm."
Just as he sung this dirge, down-hearted,
His sacred majesty departed."

O.C.W.

NAUTICAL GHOST STORY.

We detained a Greek ship upon some suspicion or other, which did not transpire in the midshipmen's berth, although, of course, we found out enough in our own minds, quite enough to condemn half a score of ships, could we have caught them. The prize was placed under charge of a lieutenant and some ten or twelve men, and proceeded with us to Malta; but as the admiral was off Toulon, we repaired to the blockade squadron, and the detained ship entered the harbor. There is hardly a man in the navy, I mean a foremast man, who has not either seen, or heard, or been convinced, that such things as ghosts really do exist, and that he has been too near them to be pleasant; therefore I shall spare myself the trouble of relating "accredited ghost stories" from my naval memorandum book. One will suffice to show how superstitious fears may operate upon minds brave and gallant when real dangers are at hand, and weak and cowardly when phantoms haunt the brain; hence the saying of a true tar, accused of being afraid to go down in the hold of a vessel the day a man had died aboard the ship; who, on being rebuked for his cowardice, screwed up his mouth, hitched up his trowsers, and replied, "Aye, aye, sir, you know I would fight a devil by daylight, but a ghost in the dark is a very different thing." It appears that our Greek vessel was not subjected to quarantine, and, consequently, entered Valetta harbor. In the evening the lieutenant thought he had had quite enough of the vessel at sea, and that he could dine as well on shore; consequently, having no captain's leave to ask, on shore he went, and contrived to amuse himself much to his satisfaction until about eleven o'clock at night; he then repaired to his ship in a Maltese boat. On mounting the side of the vessel he was astonished to find the whole crew on deck, walking about in considerable agitation, and breaking through all discipline by herding upon the quarterdeck. "Holloa!" said the lieutenant, "what the devil is the matter now? How is it, Mr. W.," continued he, addressing himself to the midshipman, "that the men are not in their hammocks?" The whole crew answered at once, "That they would rather sleep on the crosstrees than go below again, for they had seen a ghost." "Seen a what?" roared the lieutenant. "A ghost!" they answered. "A ghost," said the lieutenant, "what is he like?—here, you lumping, cowardly cur," said he, seizing hold of the stoutest man of the crew, who was shaking like a leaf, "tell me, I say, what the devil is the ghost like? Is he a Greek, a Turk, or a Christian? What did he say? D—n you, speak directly, or I'll find a way to make you." It was all in vain, not a word could he get from one of the crew but—"that they had seen a ghost." One declared the unceremonious phantom got under his hammock, and capsizing him, threw him on the deck; another swore to his having been cuffed by the shadow, and all admitted that they had received some injury. "Quarter-master, give me a light and let me see if I can find the ghost," said the lieutenant; and down he went by the main hatchway to hunt up the spirit—the midshipman, who was young, and who had caught the sympathetic fright, remaining on deck. Below was glorious confusion,—every thing indicated, that by some means or another the crew had jumped on deck without waiting to dress themselves, and the half naked appearance of the men confirmed that idea. In vain the lieutenant called for one of the men to come down to lift the forehatch; not a soul obeyed the order, and after a fruitless search he repaired on deck again.—"Come here, my men," said he, "you see I have been below, and hunted fore and aft for your ghost, and cannot find him! How can you be such cursed asses as to believe that a dead man, which a ghost must be, could turn you all out of your hammocks,—pinch one, cuff another, and slap a third! Will any man step forward, and tell me that he saw the ghost?—Here, you lubberly fellow, you Jackson, you have seen dead men by the dozens,—now tell me, did you see it?" This was a home question; and Jackson, after due consideration, and looking round, during which it was quite amusing to see how studiously every man seemed to wish to avoid being the outside man, replied, "that he certainly had not seen the ghost himself, and," added he, "I begins to think as how I've been imposed upon." Fatal speech! Never did man since the creation make more innocent words to cause his death. "Then set the example to these old women, and go down to your hammock." "Aye, aye, sir," said Jackson, who, turning round, added, "Come along lads," but the devil a lad followed. His hammock was in the fore-peak of the vessel, consequently, the very farthest point from the quarter, from which no power could make the sailors budge an inch. He had not much clothing of which to divest himself, and, turning into his hammock, endeavoured to court sleep, the only power not gained by courting.—Half an hour had elapsed, and some of the crew began to think a snug hammock was just as good as walking half naked in the night air, when a scream was heard, and up the hatchway flew Jackson in his shirt, his hair standing on end, and his face the very picture of terror and dismay. The crew caught the fear, and the sudden noise roused the lieutenant, who was instantly on deck. 'Well,' said he, 'have you caught the ghost?' The pale and affrighted face of Jackson struck the lieutenant with indignation and disgust, for the lieutenant believed in no ghost but one that used to drink the boatswain's grog. It often happens in Malta, that a swell sets into the harbour, and boats, which are fast to the stern, wash against the counter of the ship, giving the boat a very unwholesome shake, and producing a noise by no means conducive to sleep; this was the case on that night. 'Here, you Jackson,' said the lieutenant, 'd—n your white face, you're not fit to be a sailor, go down and keep that boat clear of the counter.' To this order the sailor willingly acceded, as it placed him out of the reach of his spiritual tormentor; but such was his fright, that he missed his hold in descending by the boat's painter—fell overboard, and sunk like a stone; it was but the splash, and life was gone. The crew now became more alarmed, but the lieutenant retired to rest. Daylight dawned before the crew followed so good an example. The next morning the seaman's body was found perfectly black, and was interred on shore with due honours. A generation of priests, properly garbed, were paid for walking round the decks with crucifixes and lighted wax-candles, although it was broad daylight; a certain quantity of holy water was sprinkled on the decks; prayers were said in Latin, of which certainly neither ghost nor crew understood one single word: and, strange as it may appear, the men were perfectly satisfied, that the ghost was imprisoned in one of Pharoah's chariots in the Red Sea; they slept in their hammocks as usual and from that hour neither ghost nor goblin was seen, felt, or heard.—*Life of a Sailor.*

COUNT VIDUA.—The friends of Count Vidua de Gonzano in the United States, will feel great concern in learning the unfortunate fate of that distinguished traveller, as ascertained by a letter received from the Consul of the United States at Maratan, by the Secretary of State, communicating the intelligence of his death in April or May last, in the island of Amboyna, one of the Moluccas. He had gone to examine a volcano in that island, and having incautiously approached too near the mouth of the crater, a stone propelled from it, struck him on the breast, and injured him so much that he died two months thereafter.—*Washington Globe.*

VIRTUES OF GOLD. A French Physician has published a considerable volume on the *Medical use of Gold.* He mentions several ways of taking it, and among other effects ascribed to it, he says it produces an exhilaration of the spirits. Of this last effect we have no doubt, *if taken in the pockets.—Augusta Courier.*

LIFE AND DEATH OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

In this book Mr. Moore has drawn the picture of a good man, but one 'too full of the milk of human kindness' to be a leader of revolutions. As Cicero says (or does not say, we have forgotten which) he may be boldly called good, but not great, without some liberality of phrase. In Ireland it would perhaps be an insult upon the most ignorant bogtrotter, to suppose him ignorant of Lord Edward—but in this country his merits and his fate are less known. His fate is that which has for centuries attended the friends of Ireland. He was fifth son of the Duke of Leinster, and the idol of his family. For this he was formed—for he was amiable and affectionate to an almost feminine degree,and the numerous letters to his mother, and the family correspondence generally, give a better picture of the domestic affections, though in high life, than it is easy to find elsewhere.

He was born in 1763, and at the age of 17, his military tendencies, which were strong, were gratified with a lieutenancy in a regiment of infantry. In '81, his brigade arrived at Charleston, and the arrival raised the courage of Lord Rawdon, so that he went forth and relieved the garrison of "Ninety-Six." Lord Edward did good service in the rear of his regiment on a retreat from Monk's Corner, and was appointed aid de camp. He had the Irish indifference to personal danger, when a fray was to be enjoyed, and he was soon found two miles from camp, engaging with his own hand a couple of the Carolinian dragoons, who were no children in their horse-play. One he hurt, and the other broke the aid de camp's sword, but fled on the appearance of the British column, and Lord Edward was rated soundly by his commander. At the hard contest at Eutaw, with the Rhode Island Blacksmith, Lord Edward received a wound in the thigh, and was left insensible on the field.

He was found by a poor negro, who sought for plunder, but who was arrested by the stronger claim of pity, and carried off the wounded man upon his shoulders to his hut, and nursed him tenderly. This sable Samaritan bore the name of Tony, though he was a better man than his namesake, if he were named after Mark Antony. He was ever after a member of Lord Edward's family, trusted and trusty, and died soon after his benefactor, with that sort of canine affliction that sometimes kills a faithful dog on the death of his master. Next we find Lord Edward in the West Indies, on the staff of General O'Hara, and soon after in Ireland, where he was brought in a member of the Irish Parliament, from one of his brother's boroughs. Soon after he made a tour in Spain, and suddenly went with his regiment to Nova Scotia, where he had the chief command of it. After some stay in the Provinces, he passed through the country to New Orleans. At Detroit, through the medium of the chief of the Six Nations, he was adopted into the Bear Tribe of Indians, an honor which he estimated higher than the freedom of a city.

On leaving England, he carried one of Romeo's wounds to the wilderness, and his letters show him to have been much attached to a lady, who, in his absence, married another. His heart, however, was an Irish one, and was capacious enough for another impression. On his return to England, he was offered the command of an expedition to Cadiz—he however declined it, on being informed, that it was expected he should no longer vote in opposition, in the Irish Parliament.

In '92 Lord Edward's republican zeal carried him to Paris, to behold the great political drama, and we find him writing to his mother, "I lodge with my friend Paine—we breakfast, dine, and sup together. The more I see of his interior, the more I like and respect him. I cannot express how kind he is to me—there is a simplicity of manner, a goodness of heart and a strength of mind in him, that I never knew any man before possess."

In England, Lord Edward had several times been invited to visit Madame de Genlis, at Sheridan's, but a natural horror of learned ladies prevailed. In Paris, however, he was much interested at one of the theatres by a young lady, who was no other than Pamela, daughter of Madame de Genlis and the Duke of Orleans. His horror of learned females was forthwith converted to admiration, and his favor towards pretty ones, marvellously increased. Mademoiselle Sims, (for so the learned lady chose to call her daughter) became Lady Fitzgerald—and Lord Edward's republican zeal having been reported at Head Quarters, lost him his commission. This was, probably, an additional motive for him to oppose monarchy, for all our virtues are alloyed with a little frailty. He returned to Ireland brimful of love and politics, though it had been better for him and his country, to have dabbled only in the former. He was in the very small minority that Irish patriotism at that time afforded—and on the subject of a certain address to the Lord Lieutenant, which even Grattan approved, Lord Edward made a memorable explosion—"Sir," said he, starting up, "I give my most hearty disapprobation of this address, for I do think that the Lord Lieutenant and the majority of this house are the worst subjects the king has." This was a kick upon a hornet's nest, and Lord Edward was held to an apology, which he framed in the following words—"I said so, 'tis true, and I'm sorry for it." A better apology of the same kind was, however, made in one of our Legislatures, in this manner: "Mr. Speaker, whereas I said this house is not fit to carry g— to a bear, I now retract the same, being well convinced of the fitness of the honorable house for that purpose."

The picture of Lord Edward's life, at this time is that of almost perfect happiness—but his sense of duty led him into the ranks of the United Irishmen—of which he was the military head. He even went to France, to arrange, with Hoche, the French invasion—but the armada failed and the United Irishmen had to depend upon themselves. Treason crept into their ranks and a certain Reynolds, who should occupy the station with Judas in Dante's Inferno, betrayed his comrades to the government. Some were apprehended—, but Lord Edward concealed himself in the houses of several friends about the time fixed for the risings. He walked forth however at night and ran many risks of detection. When taken at last he was reclining in his bed, but started up and wounded fatally with a pistol one of his assailants and wounded others with a short dagger. He was then shot himself and secured. Prudence was not one of his attributes or he might have escaped. He was cast into Newgate, for though treason is a gentlemanly crime and would have led him only to the Castle, manslaughter and murder are more vulgar, and he was therefore taken to jail to answer for killing the catch-poles. So close had Lord Edward been that none of his friends believed that he had treason to answer for—but he appeared before no earthly tribunal—he died in prison where his wife and friends had been refused admittance—his brother when he was dying was admitted—and Lord Edward died as he had lived, the same kind and affectionate soul. His death was lamented long and deeply by his relatives, for if he had not all the requisites for a hero of revolutions, he had the better qualities of the best of sons and brothers. In writing once to his mother, he said—and it is a commentary on his whole feeling towards her—"In thinking over what misfortunes I *could* bear, I found there was none I *could not.*"

Mr. Moore has made a very interesting book, and we learn that it is much read by the ladies. It is assuredly a better study for them than Lalla Rookh. (*Boston Courier.*)

THE MOUTH.

The mouth has been quaintly called the throne of smiles, and smiles are said to be all sisters: yet how little do they resemble each other! Some are simple, ingenuous, modest and innocent; others are tender, winning and voluptuous; others are lively, gay, petulant or witty, and others mischievous, satirical or scornful. Of all these lovely or mischievous companions of the lips, the half-smile is, by far, the most lovely. We take the liberty of bestowing this name upon the virgin smile which shows itself with such timidity, which peeps forth with such grace, and which dare not, as it would seem, completely expand itself—the smile, if we may say so, which is not so much a smile as the desire of smiling. The half-smile is the charming symbol of innocence and candour, the emblem of virtue and of pleasure, simple, natural, and unsophisticated. The full formed smile, however, is but little inferior to its younger sister. Somewhat less retiring and timid, it speaks with more spirit to the heart; and, the expression being more complete, tends to make it perhaps, still dearer to the admirers of beauty. The smile, when ingenuous, is, indeed, one of the most powerful charms of beauty. Its language is most expressive; mute indeed, but eloquent. It is by a smile that a bashful beauty approves an avowal which her tongue opposes, but with which her heart is flattered. How many conquests have been made by a graceful smile!

May it not be—is it not probable—that the poets and painters of antiquity found the model of Cupid's fabled bow in the graceful form of the female lip? Is not, indeed, the mouth of a handsome and virtuous woman, the most powerful weapon of the "mischievous boy," who, as has been observed by a lady of great wit, can subject the stronger sex to the dominion of the weaker? The lip is truly, then, the bow of love; and of all the arrows discharged by Cupid, the smile of innocence, is certainly the most effective, and particularly the one which Milton says, "Loves to play in dimple sleek." Such is the power of a smile—but we cannot forbear remarking, that every thing, and even a smile may be abused, from our being able sometimes to counterfeit nature. Those charming smiles, which play spontaneously with such grace on the ruby lip of youthful beauty, too often owe their existence to the combination of artifice. 'Tis easy, however, to distinguish the one from the other; for the smile which is the offspring of art is destitute of all that native grace, which can only be bestowed by the hand of nature, and the impulse of a pure heart. We should be careful then, not to confound the lovely expression of feeling and of mind, with the mechanical and studied movements of a counterfeit face. As the plants cultivated beneath a glass never assume the free and natural attitudes and freshened tints of those which grow in the open air of a genial climate, so the smile which is the child of art never possesses the truth and graces of its amiable model—the one is ingenuous love, which appears in all its loveliness, while the other is a dangerous net, spread by a deceitful hand. Since, then, smiles are of so much importance to beauty, the mouth by which they are formed deserves the utmost care. The colour of the lips—the rich, fresh, ruby tint, so highly praised by poets, painters, and lovers, and upon which even philosophers delight to look, depends chiefly on health; and we can almost insure it, without chance of disappointment, to those who from their earliest life, have been accustomed to observe the rules of health. Strict temperance and regular exercise in the open air, clothing adapted to preserve the body from the vicissitudes of the weather, while it leaves to every limb and muscle a perfect freedom of action, with a cultivated mind, and peaceful conscience, are the only genuine means of increasing health and of perfecting personal beauty.

The proper position, regularity, and whiteness of the teeth also, are essential to the beauty of the mouth, and add an additional grace to many a smile. The teeth, it is true, are but little under the dominion of art, with respect to their regularity and arrangement—though by attention to the general health of the system, and especially by proper food and drinks, exercise and temperance, much can be done in preserving their whiteness and brilliancy.

In short, if one half the attention that is daily paid by females to increase the beauty of the mouth by artificial aids, were bestowed upon the rational means of preserving health—we should hear less of the faded charms—blanched lips and wrinkled brows, to conceal which, excites now so much solicitude in those who have, as yet, scarcely attained the prime of life.—*Journal of Health.*

"*Which is the King?*"—Henry IV. of France being out one day on a hunting match, lost the party and was riding alone.—Observing a country fellow standing upon a gate apparently on the watch, he asked him what he was looking for. 'I'se come here, says he, 'to see the king.' 'Get up behind me,' replied the monarch, 'and I will soon conduct you to the place where you may see him.'—Hodge, without any scruple, mounted; but as they were riding along he put this sagacious question to his companion. 'They tell me he has got a power of lords wi' um, how may a body know which is he?' The king replied, 'that he would be able to distinguish him by seeing that all his attendants took off their hats, while he himself remained covered.' Soon after, they joined the hunt, when all the circle as may well be expected were greatly surprised to see the king so oddly attended. When they were arrived his majesty turning to the clown, asked him if he could tell which was the king. 'I don't know (answered he) but faith it must be one of us two, for we've both got our hats on.

Dramatic Reading.—Sinclair is rather remarkable for his disregard of the author's punctuation: this sometimes occasions a laughable blunder. In "Rob Roy" he has to say, "Rashleigh is my cousin; but, for what reason I am unable to divine, he is my bitter enemy." Sinclair renders it thus—"Rashleigh is my cousin, but for what reason I am unable to divine." Another little error of his is equally amusing. In "Guy Mannering," Dandie Dinmont, in his drunkenness, declares he sees "two lights dancing yonder;" to which Bertram replies that he sees but one, and that is steady. The dialogue was lately delivered thus by Messrs. Denham and Sinclair;—

Dandie—"I see a couple of lights yonder, dancing bonnily."

Bertram—"A *couple!* I see but *two,* and they are pretty steady." (*Eng. Paper.*)

Noble Conduct of a Breber Bashaw.—One day the Spanish Consul sent to the late Bashaw Omimon, a Breber by birth, to tell him that if he would consent to give up to him certain Spanish Constitutionalists who had taken refuge at Toncar in order that he might send them over to Spain, he would give him one thousand dollars.

"What!" said the Bashaw, "does this Christian think I shall be base enough to take his money, and sell the blood of these poor people? No, tell the Spanish Consul, that I would not do it for all that he could give me!" From that time, he he not only treated the poor refugees with kindness and commisseration, but actually assisted some of them with money to effect their escape to Gibraltar, and from thence to England.—*Prince's Notes.*

Delightful Recipe.—A young gentleman, during the Bazaar, went into the Lyceum, Bond-st. and presented a lady, at one of the stalls, with a sovereign, desiring her to give him any thing she thought proper in return. The lady immediately handed him a piece of paper, and at the same time informed him, that it contained the full value of the money. His curiosity induced him to open it, when, to his astonishment and delight, he found it to contain these words, "A cure for love." After puzzling his brain for a considerable time as to what the cure could be, he discovered and lifted up the ingenious artificial veil, and his eye was immediately rivetted by the magic word "Matrimony!"—*English paper.*

Eccentricity finds eccentric reasons for its doings. Schlager, a Danish man of fortune, sold his estate, and fixed in the northermost corner of Iceland. He said that he fixed there because he hated the confined air of Europe, and chose to have his breeze fresh from the pole.

An Englishman, some years ago, was found vegetating in the midst of bogs and solitudes, in a village on the west coast of Ireland. His reason was to be in the next post town to America.

A Spaniard perched his house on the summit of the Sierra Morena; on being asked, 'why he preferred that place of clouds, storms, and solitude?" he said, "that he was tired of mankind, and that the clouds hid mankind from him; that he was tired of his wife's tongue, and that the storms drowned her talk; and as to the solitude he could not be solitary, who had the angels for his next door neighbours."

Moorish Bankrupt Laws.—When a Moor is insolvent, he is confined in prison for three days, after which, by giving up every thing he possesses in the world, except just sufficient to cover his lean body, he is condemned to be made a bankrupt. This is regularly drawn up and attested and he is then freed from prison, and from all his debts, and at liberty to begin the world again.—*Price's Notes.*

An Apothecary's Sign in Holland. While on the subject of heads, I cannot help noticing the curious signs which in Holland and in parts of Germany are exhibited on the shops of the apothecaries, viz. a gigantic Turk's head with its mouth open, the upper teeth bare, and the whole countenance distorted with disgust, as if from having swallowed the most nauseating drugs of the depository over which it grins.

A Frenchman, meeting an English soldier with a Waterloo medal, began sneeringly to animadvert on the English government for bestowing such a trifle which did not cost them three francs—'That is true to be sure,' replied the hero; 'it did not cost the English government three francs, but it cost the French a *Napoleon!*"

Longevity.—The Philadelphia U. S. Gazette states that a man named *Butler,* the sole surviver of Braddock's army, is now in that city, and aged about one hundred years. He may be seen in the streets every day, taking wholesome exercise. There is also in Philadelphia, a female aged one hundred and seven years. The Litchfield, Ct Enquirer has this paragraph—Died in Goshen in this county, last month, *Chloe Eaton,* a colored woman, aged one hundred and sixteen or seventeen years. We much question whether there is another person in the state who has attained the great age of this individual. She was, if we are rightly informed, a slave in the family of the Rev. Mr. Eaton, the first settled minister in Goshen about a century ago. She had for some years been a town pauper—but until a few months past had always been remarkably active and enjoyed good health. There is now living within three miles of Rockingham Court House N. C., a man named *James Saunders,* aged 117. He has been twice married; has had nine children, the eldest of whom is 80 years old, and the youngest 45. He now reads without spectacles, although he formerly used them.

A course of public *Lectures* has been commenced by the members of the Franklin Society in Providence. The first was delivered by the Hon. Jos. L. Tillinghast. Speaking of it, the Prov. American says—"There was a very happy sentence alluding to the lightning rod of the American Franklin, the quadrant of the American Godfrey, the blow pipe of the American Hare, and the steam-boat of the American Fulton, discoveries of which Great Britain was availing herself, and the use of which must remind her, that American science and research was not a subject for her ridicule. In reference to Godfrey's quadrant however, we believe it must be admitted, that the same discovery was about simultaneous in Great Britain and America. It is, however, a fact, or has been, that the navigator of the American Bowditch, is the standard work on that subject in the British Navy."

Coal.—Schuylkill county has sent upwards of 80,000 tons of coal to market—this quantity would require, to be conveyed on a turnpike, 40,000 wagons, 40,000 men and 160,000 horses, and would load two hundred and sixty ships of 300 tons burthen. All this coal was mined within a circuit of eight miles round Pottsville. The coal is worth in the ground, on the average, about 30 cents per ton, and was purchased by the consumer at about 6 dollars per ton, which would amount to 480,000 dollars.—*Philad. Chron.* [It is now sold in this market at 14 dollars.]

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 18th, Michael Whalen, to Miss Mary Child.

At Lyons, George G. Kingman, to Miss Elizabeth D. Holley.—Clark Bartlett, to Miss Eliza Closs.

At Wethersfield, Rocky Hill, Ct. Daniel S. Hine, to Miss Abigail Miller.

At Middleton, F. W. Ingham, to Miss Eunice, daughter of Barzillai D. Sage.

At Northboro', Mass Warren Balcombe, to Miss Lydia Haskall.

At Westboro', Otis Daniel, of Boston, to Miss Mary Ann Grout, of W.

At Princeton, Mass. Caleb S. Mirick to Miss Sarah M. Dodd.

At Shrewsbury, Jonas H Allen, to Miss Clarinda Howe.

At Brookfield, Dexter Pratt, to Miss Vashti Cutting.

At Southboro', Dea. Thomas J. Johnson, to Miss Hannah T. Angier.

At Andover, Wm. Dickinson, of Fitchburgh, to Miss Eliza Hawley, of A.

DIED,

In this city, on the 17th, Dr. Benjamin Kissam, 50.

On the 18th, Peleg Tripp, 70.

On the 18th, Joseph F. Stevens, late of Savannah.

On the 18th, George Buchanan, 22, formerly of Newburg, Orange county.

In Ulster county, Lady Mary Watts, 53, relict of Robert Watts, Esq. and daughter of the late Major General the Earl of Stirling.

At Newark, N J. James Townsend, 70, formerly merchant in this city.

At Charleston, S.C. James Clinton Gordon, 22, formerly of Newburgh, N.Y.

At Smithtown, L.I. Caleb Smith, Esq. 70.

At New Haven, Henry R. Pynchon, Esq. cashier of the New Haven Bank, 45.

At Hartford, Michael Bull, Esq. 69.

At Woodbridge, Conn. Hezekiah Baldwin, Esq. 76.

At Providence, Joseph Potter, 57.

At Hopewell, the Rev. Stephen Clary, of Benton, 45.

At Utica, Dr. Alexander Coventry, 66.

SYLVESTER 130 Broadway, N. Y.—Official drawing of the N.Y. Lottery, Extra Class No. 30 for 1831, drawn Dec. 21.— 49 14 59 46 34 28 5 18 20 52.

Sylvester continues to sell most of the high prizes. This is no less singular than true. It is now admitted by all respectable persons that Sylvester is the only lucky vender in the U.S.

The following brilliant schemes will next be drawn:

Dec 28—Extra 37, 3 of $10,000.......................................$5

From the fact of my always selling the $10,000 prizes, this scheme is called Sylvester's Lottery.

Jan. 4—Extra 38, $20,000 .... $5

Jan. 11—Reg. Class 13, $20,000, 10,000, 1,000—48 numbers, 7 drawn...$10

A New York Lottery will be drawn every Wednesday. Those remitting funds and not naming any particular class, will have sent to them tickets in the first good scheme.

Orders from abroad meet same attention as on personal application, if addressed to the subscriber, who is licensed by the State.

N.B. All those who deal with Sylvester will receive the "Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Price Current," (published every Wednesday,) gratis for 12 months. It is a most useful paper, and should be in the hands of every country merchant or dealer.

☞ Commission business, also Exchange, and collection of drafts, attended to with promptitude.

S. J. SYLVESTER, N York.

Reference: Messrs. Yates & McIntyre. *Dec. 24.*

UNION HOUSE—*Dresden, Ohio.*—The subscriber has opened a house of entertainment in a large and very elegant brick building, just completed, and situated on the corner of Main and Mount streets, immediately opposite the Canal Basin in this village. LABAN LEMERT.

Dresden Nov. 29, 1831.

COMFORTABLES, CLOAKS, &c.—*Establishment, No. 56 Maiden Lane.*—The subscriber, having extended his manufacture of Cloaks, now offers an assortment much superior to that of the last season and, it is presumed, equal at least in style, quality, and cheapness, to that of any other establishment. The stock comprises Cloths, French, German, and English Merinos, figured and plain Silks and Satins; Circassians, Plaids, &c.—Ladies and Misses' sizes. They are made by persons of experience and taste, and after the most approved French patterns.

Comfortables.—The excellence as well as economy of this article is well attested by those who have made use of it for a number of years. It possesses decided advantages over other kinds of covering, being of the same nature as down, combining lightness with extreme warmth. Great pains have been taken to obtain suitable materials, at the lowest market prices. On account of peculiar advantages in manufacturing, they will be sold at such prices as will offer an inducement to the most economical. Families, Public Schools, Hotels, Shipping, &c. furnished with any quantity and size, at less than the ordinary cost of the materials. Merchants will be supplied at the lowest rates.

New York, Nov. 1, 1831. DANIEL O. CAULKINS.

NEW YORK PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL PRESS, established in 1828, for the publication and sale of Religious Books, Tracts, &c. for the use of Protestant Episcopalians.

Stock Publications.—Bibles, of all sizes; Testaments, Prayer Books, of all sizes and bindings; Episcopal Tracts, and Sunday School Books, (of instruction and for libraries;) and a variety of Episcopal Devotional Books; The Churchman's Almanac for 1832, just published, adorned with a cut of the Gen. Theological Seminary, at New York—$4 per 100.

Miscellaneous Publications.—Life of Bishop Heber in 2v. 8vo. with a portrait; Works of Bishop Ravenscroft, late Diocesan of N. Carolina, 2 vols. 8vo., with a portrait and memoir; Works on Episcopacy, (Bowden, Cooke, &c.) 2 vols. 12mo. A Practical Exposition of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, in the form of brief lectures, by Bishop J. B. Sumner, of Chester, Eng.—408 pages 12mo. price 88 cents. In press, Bishop Jebb's Protestant Kempis; and The Communicant's Companion.

Periodical Publications.—A series of standard English and American Works in Divinity, 12mo. 4 vols. annually, at $3 per ann. in advance; The Churchman, (religious newspaper) folio weekly, $3 per annum in advance—Rev. W. R. Whittingham and Rev. J. V. Van Ingen, Editors; The Family Visitor & Sunday School Magazine, (religious newspaper) cap. 4to. weekly, $1 per ann.—edited by the same; The Children's Magazine, (religious) with cuts and cover, 24 pages 18mo. monthly, at 25 cents per annum—edited by the same.

The Bishop of New York, ex-off. President of the Board of Trustees; Rev. J. V. Van Ingen, Agent.—Depository, No. 64 Lumber street. *June 1.*

WILLIAMSON'S EXCHANGE, *Pittsburgh Pennsylvania.*—This new, splendid and extensive Hotel, believed to be one of the best in the United States, is now open for the accommodation of the public. Situation convenient and pleasant, at the corner of Penn and St. Clair streets. Charges the same as other respectable Hotels. *May 1, 1831.*

The Genuine German Purifying Pills.

THESE Pills privileged by Austrian Authority, are used in Germany since a whole century, for the best ingredients to purify the blood and they are likewise kept in high sanction in the state of Pensylvania. The subscriber assures his countrymen and the public, that he keeps this article in its genuine state, and offers it for sale at his Drug and Chemical Store, No. 377 Broadway. DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER.

INDIA RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES,

For Ladies and Gentlemen.

S. C. SMITH, No. 58 *Chatham-street*, has constantly on hand for sale at wholesale and retail, a large assortment of Ladies and Gentlemen's India Rubber Boots and Shoes, a first rate article for winter wear. These Boots are lined and bound, and appear as well on the foot as leather. They are most valuable and elegant articles, and no one who is desirous of keeping their feet dry and preserve their health, should be without them. The above articles were prepared by the subscriber expressly for retail in the city, and he feels confident that all who see them will approve.

In addition to the above, the subscriber has also on hand, for wholesale and retail, a large assortment of India Rubber Over-shoes of all sizes and of the very best quality, the greater part of them having been manufactured to his especial order and under the inspection of his agent in Brazil. He feels confident that the article which he offers to the public is superior to any thing yet offered in this country.

Sportsmen's Long Boots prepared to order.

Gentlemen desirous of being furnished by the season with *India Rubber Boots*, may be accommodated at SEVEN DOLLARS per season. *Shoes* at less price.

Country Merchants and others who are purchasing their supplies, are invited to call as above, and they are assured that they will find a good article at a reasonable price.

India Rubber Boots and Shoes lined and repaired.

dec. 21.

COMB FACTORY.

B. FRASER respectfully informs his friends and the public in general that he keeps an elegant assortment of Tortoise shell combs, at the old established comb store, No. 25½ Maiden lane. His assortment at present consists of large and small American carved combs, of the newest patterns. Extra large plain shell combs, likewise middling and small sizes, Tortoise shell long combs of a superior quality, with a beautiful assortment of neck and side combs. B. F. intends devoting his attention particularly to the manufacture of Tortoise shell combs, which he is in hopes he shall be able to sell at very moderate prices. Orders for any sized comb, or any fancy pattern, will be attended to at a few days notice. A small assortment of fancy Brazil combs, likewise ivory, dressing and crescent, manufactured of the very best materials and sold at moderate prices.

N.B. Combs neatly repaired. dec 21.

The Patent Medicated Vapour Bath Establishment.

THESE BATHS are under the sole control and management of J. P. Carroll, No. 25 John street, two doors east of Nassau-street, New-York.

The Baths are now in full operation, and are recommended by the first members of the faculty; and also, that since they have been in operation, the subscriber has administered them to between twenty and thirty thousand patients. Of the most inveterate and extraordinary cases that have come within his knowledge, he has kept a particular and accurate list; from which it will be found, on inspection, by those interested, that the complaints which most certainly and speedily give way to the use of these baths, (with the aid of other proper treatment,) are the following:—Sudden cold; fever and ague; rheumatism; repelled or receded small pox; sore throat; hives or croup:—while they assist digestion, increase appetite, &c.

☞ Baths sent out to any part of the city at five minutes' notice, with proper persons to administer them when required. Private rooms with baths by the day, week, or month. Portable baths for sale.

Concentrated Syrup of Liverwort, a new, safe, and valuable medicine, for coughs, spitting of blood and consumption, to be had as above, and herbs of all kinds fresh from the Shakers, for sale.

The above baths are a certain cure for the prevailing Influenza.

☞ Baths administered gratis to those who cannot afford to pay, when recommended by the faculty.

FAMILY BIBLES.

OCTAVO and quarto Bibles in a great variety of bindings, at prices from 1.87½ to $10; also, a great assortment of Pocket Bibles, Polyglot Bibles &c. &c. for sale by

dec.24. McELRATH & BANGS, 85 Chatham-st.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

ATLANTIC Souvenir, Token, Friendship's Offering, Lady of the Manor, in the Philadelphia bindings; Pocket Bibles, Hymn Books, and Prayer Books, in elegant bindings; Affection's Gift, The Lady's Geographical Present, Youth's Keepsake, Young Cadet, Young Pilgrim, Stories of the Revolution, Sandford and Merton, in fancy bindings with gilt edges; Bible Story Book, in 2 vols. with 40 engravings; Pollock's Course of Time; Montgomery's, Cowper's, Young's, Milton's, and Kirk White's Poems; Girls' Own Book; American Girls' Own Book; Albums; Winter Evening Tales &c. &c. Toy Books of every description, wholesale and retail, at low prices, by McELRATH & BANGS,

dec 24. 85 Chatham-street.

FREEMAN'S CELEBRATED INDIAN SPECIFIC,

FOR Coughs, Colds, Consumptions, &c. For sale by GEORGE D. COGGESHALL,

dec.3. Druggist, corner Pearl and Rose sts.

NOVA SCOTIA COALS.—Sydney and Albion, or Picton Coals, of the best description, direct from the Mines, for sale at the Coal Yard in Hubert street, between Washington and Greenwich-streets; at the Yard at Brooklyn, foot of Adams-st.; and at the office of the subscriber—either by the cargo, or in quantities to suit purchasers. Also, *Coke* of superior quality, for melting iron or brass, and likewise well adapted for the use of kitchens. The prices are as follow:—From the vessel—Sydney Coals, $9 50 per chaldron of 36 bushels (1 and 1-5th ton); Picton Coals, $9 per chaldron. From the yards—Sydney Coals, coarse, $11 50 per chaldron; do. mixed, $10 50 per do; do. screenings, $7 per do; Picton Coals, $10 50 per do; and Coke, $11 50 per do.

Orders left with the following persons will receive prompt attention:—Laing & Randolph, c. of Murray and Washington-sts.; John H. Bostwick, corner of West and Clarkson-streets; Jacob Southart, 263 Washington-street; Thomas Eddy, corner of Catherine and Madison-streets; Walter M. Franklin, 6 Merchants' Exchange; Elijah Secor, 417 Broadway; R. N. Waite, 172 Broadway; Nathan Newton, 15 Fulton-street; G. W. Waite, Fulton street, Brooklyn.

Oct. 22. RUPERT J. COCHRAN, 27 Broad-st.

A CARD.

HAVING in my possession a considerable amount of Mr. Jones' Tickets, which have been taken for the Fare of passengers in my line of Stages, which he will not redeem of me, and the same are daily increasing upon my hands, through the indirect means which are made use of in circulating them through agents and others. I shall be reluctantly compelled to decline taking the Tickets of any other Proprietors after the first of January next, unless they will agree to exchange their tickets with me, and redeem such as may remain on my hands. My endeavors have always been to establish a respectable line of Stages, nor shall I relax my exertions to meet a fair and honorable competition. I therefore submit to my patrons and the public the necessity of my establishing the above regulations, unless the other Proprietors will come into such arrangements as will allow of tickets generally being taken in all the Stages, without detriment to the owners.

[illegible] R, *Stage Proprietor.*

New-York, Dec. 14, 1831.

PREMIUM PAPERS.

THE subscriber has been awarded the first Premium Silver Medals at the recent Fairs in New York and Philadelphia, held under the auspices of the American and Franklin Institutes of said cities, for his superior and elegant Satin, White, Tinted, Embossed, Gilt, and Perfumed Letter, Note, and other Papers. To those who have seen them on the late occasions, here and at Philadelphia, no comment is deemed necessary; but as there are thousands in both cities who could not gain admittance, owing to crowded rooms, they can now be accommodated by calling at his Paper Wareroom, 45 John street, New York. The writing papers of his manufactory may be known from others, as the maker's name is stamped on or in each sheet. It is hoped that after four years' successful competition, with first premium each year for the said and a variety of other Papers, the public will be satisfied of their merits.

R. DONALDSON, 45 John street.

N. B. Printing, Stainers', wrapping Papers; Book, Trunk and Bandbox Boards, made at his Factory and for sale as above.

Franklin Institute of Pennsylvania.

The Committee of Premiums and Exhibitions wish to make the following additions and corrections to their report of the late Exhibition, published in the National Gazette of 31st ult. It was there stated that the premium on Post or Letter Paper was not strictly due; from the additional observations of the Judges on Stationary, which they hereto annex, they are pleased to have it in their power to add the following words:— Premium No. 19 is due to Robt. Donaldson of N. York, for Specimen No. —, being 10 reams, (part of 100 manufactured) of the best white wel. quarto Letter Paper,) which the Judges report to be the best presented at this Exhibition, and better than any they recollect ever seeing at any of the preceding Exhibitions, and fully entitled to the premium. Philadelphia, Nov. 11th, 1831.

By order of the Committee of Premiums and Exhibitions. Wm. A. Keating, Chairman.

Second Report of the Judges on Stationary.

The undersigned, members of the Committee of Judges on books, papers, stationary, &c. presented at the late exhibition of the Franklin Institute, would represent to the committee on Premiums and Exhibitions, that they believe some mistake or misunderstanding has taken place in relation to the relative merits of papers presented by Mr. Donaldson, and by the Brandywine Manufacturing Company. They wish to be understood as stating that Mr. Donaldson's Quarto Letter Paper was the best paper presented at the exhibition, that it was better than any they recollect ever seeing at the preceding exhibitions, and that as it came fully within the conditions proposed by the Institute, they believe that Mr. Donaldson is fairly entitled to the Silver Medal.

Philadelphia, Nov. 9, 1831. P. A. Browne,
Wm. Hyde,
dec 10 S.M. Stewart.

The new Cement for filling Hollow and Carious Teeth.

THE many inconveniences that have hitherto attended filling up the cavities of hollow and decayed teeth, prevented until now dentistry from arriving at such a degree of perfection as medical men have anxiously desired,—the subscriber flatters himself that the following new Cement will be found to remove all the inconveniences, that have been hitherto felt by those who suffer from hollow or carious teeth.

This paste is soft, may be applied by any one without professional assistance, causes no pain whatever, and does not in the least affect the nerve of the tooth; nor is it so expensive as any of the methods generally used by those who have been afflicted with this very common and painful complaint. Just imported, and offered for sale by Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,

dec.10. 377 Broadway.

RIDING SCHOOL.

MR. ROULSTONE informs those gentlemen who may wish his instruction, that his evening school has commenced, and he would be happy to give his attention to those who may put themselves under his direction. Those gentlemen who have been taught by him can attend for practice when convenient for them.

His school is open every evening from 7 to 9 o'clock; likewise his school for ladies from 9 to 2 every day. His drawing rooms, as well as riding department, are sufficiently warm for those out of health and wishing for exercise. dec. 17

MUSICAL PARTIES, *At Broadway Coffee House, 616 Broadway.*—Wm. Randoll informs his friends and the public, that his Musical Parties continue every Monday evening at 7 o'clock. dec 17.

PREMIUM TRUSS.

THE subscriber, Inventor and proprietor of the HIGHLY IMPROVED American Graduated and Permanent Adjusted Truss, for which a Premium was awarded at the late Grand Fair of the American Institute, has removed his office to No. 1 Ann street, opposite the American Museum, where he will be pleased to supply persons afflicted with Rupture, Druggists and Physicians, with this new Instrument. The high character it has acquired in the short time it has been before the public is a sure test of its utility. Many of the most eminent Surgeons have given their unbiassed testimony in its favour. The most desperate cases have been relieved by it, and in fact all who have used it are convinced of its excellence.

Several of the oldest and most skillful mechanics in this city have minutely examined and compared it with "Dr. Hull's Truss," and have unhesitatingly given their certificates and affidavits that "the two Trusses bear no mechanical resemblance whatever to each other, but are as widely different as such instruments can possibly be."

Will the public be pleased to consider the malicious insinuations and gratuitous interference of "Dr. Hull" with the subscriber and his Truss as unworthy their notice, and examine for themselves "for seeing is believing, and feeling, the naked truth."

All orders promptly attended to.

A. SHERMAN,

April 9 tf No. 1 Ann street.

HENRY'S CALCINED MAGNESIA.—A fresh supply, just received, in large and small bottles and for sale at MARSHALL C. SLOCUM'S Drug & Chemical Store, 303 Broadway, corner of Duane street, where may also be had a general assortment of French and English preparations, patent medicines, &c. warranted pure and genuine.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren street, near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

In imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable color, and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the Teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR,

highly recommended by many of the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application: the use of the instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in the city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing Dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M. D., Francis E. Berger, M. D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M. D., Amariah Wright, M. D. and John C. Cheeseman, M. D.

August 6 1138

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

The subscriber most respectfully begs leave to invite the attention of ladies and gentlemen, who are wishing to supply, in the BEST POSSIBLE MANNER, *the loss of their teeth, to his admirable* Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth.

These teeth possess decided advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificially inserted teeth, and over all other substances used for similar purposes. They possess highly polished and vitrified surface most beautiful enamel, and that *peculiar animated appearance* which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to elude the closest scrutiny in detection. They are INCORRUPTIBLE! and with their *colour*, retain their *form, solidity, durability, polish, strength* and *beauty*, to the last period of human existence. In point of economy they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeals of *fire* and *acid*, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substances, absorb the saliva, or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food, causing putridity and disgusting smell; they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

From the unprecedented patronage which a liberal and discerning public has bestowed upon the subscriber's "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth," other dentists have deemed it *not* unfair to appropriate the *name* to teeth of *their* procuring and inserting; and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very precious as well as bountiful manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis, he deems it no less his duty to *caution* his patrons and the public, that his "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth" are, in this city, inserted by *himself only*.

The subscriber will continue to furnish ladies and gentlemen with single teeth to entire sets in a style not surpassed nor excelled in Europe or America.

Every operation upon the teeth performed on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill.

Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping, with gold, metallic paste, or platinum. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus *tartar*, hence removing that peculiarly disgusting fetor of a bad breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs, or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gumbiles, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary, to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to many of the eminent and distinguished members of the medical faculty.

JONATHAN DODGE, L. N. H. Operative Dental Surgeon,

Manufacturer and Inserter of "Incorruptible Imitation Human Teeth,"

No. 5 Chambers street.